

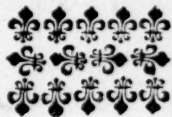
T H E
ROYAL
Shepherdefs.

A
TRAGI-COMEDY,
ACTED

By his Highness the Duke of York's
Servants.

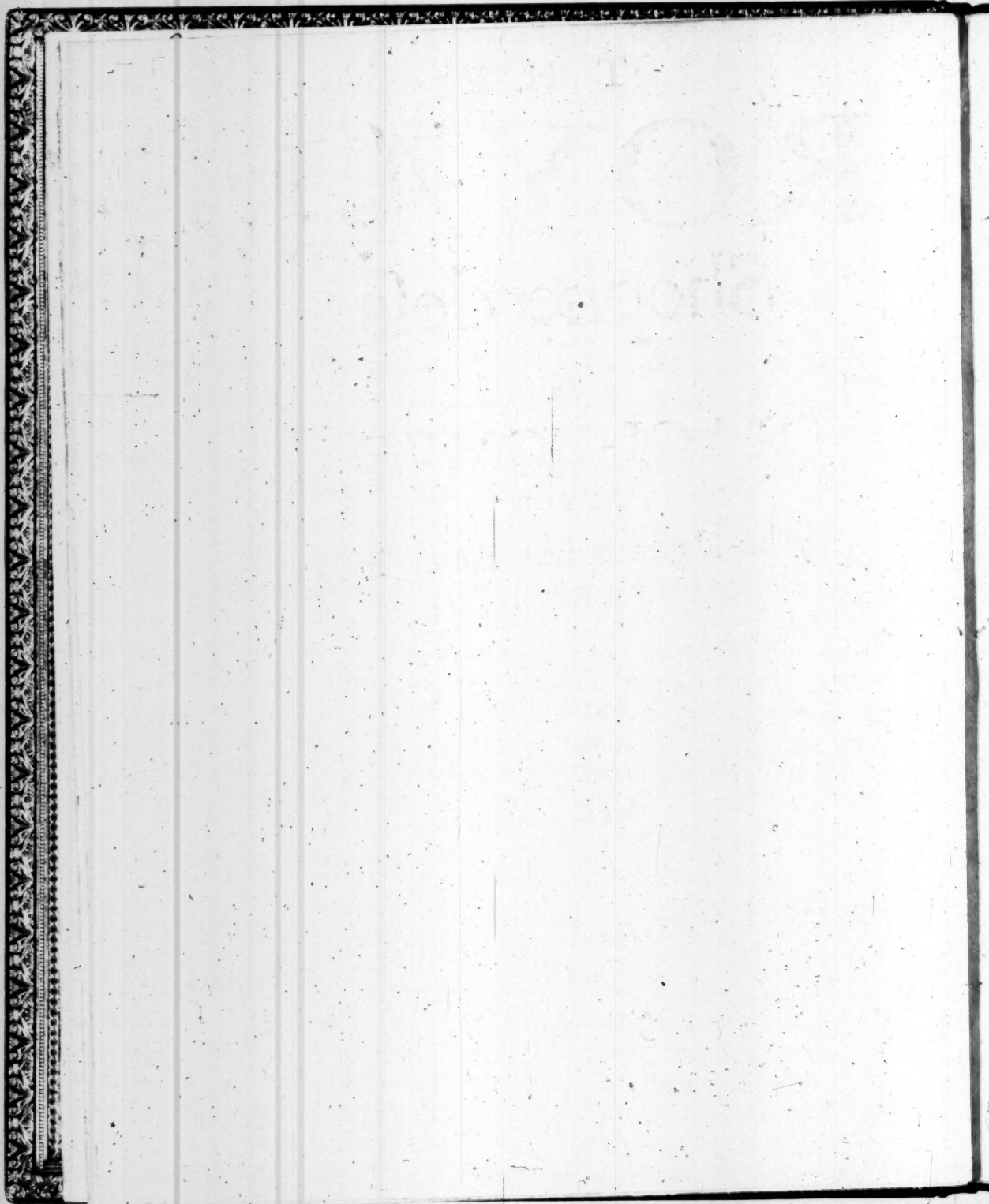
Non Quivis videt immodulata Poemata Iudex.

Hor. de arte Poet.



L O N D O N,

Printed for Henry Herringman, at the Sign of the
Blew-Anchor, in the Lower-walk of the
New-Exchange, 1669.





TO THE
READER.

Reader,

THis Play, before I took it in hand, was wrote by one Mr. *Fountain* of *Devonshire*; a Gentleman that had too many good Parts, that any man should take a Measure of him by that, which he wrote as a slight diversion from his more serious Studies. The esteem I had for him living, and the value I had for his memory being dead, made me unwilling that any thing of his should be obscur'd: And if, in exposing this, I have done any injury to his Reputation, it was an error of my Understanding, and no fault of my Will.

This (being never by him intended for Action) was wrote in single Scenes (without that connexion which the Incomparable *Johnson* first taught the Stage) and had also many long, uninterrupted Soliloquies, some of fifty lines together, which perhaps might give some delight in the reading, but could afford little diversion to the Hearers. Yet finding many things in the Play, which I confess pleas'd me, I thought it might, with some pains, be made a pleasant entertainment for the Audience.

The Epistle to the Reader.

I have added little to the Story, onely have represented that in Action, which was expressed by him in long Narrations: For we find (though the French do often relate the most considerable Actions in their Plays, especially in their Tragedies) the English will not be content without seeing such Actions done, and this is one, of those many things, that make our English Plays so much exceed the French: But this was long ago observed by *Horace*:

*Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus.*

I have endeavour'd to carry on these few Humors, which were but begun by him; and (to satisfy the Concupiscence as *Mr. Johnson* call's it, of Jigge and Song) I designed as fit occasions for them as I could, there being in the former Play but one short Song which is the last but one.

Where it is possible, I have kept the Scenes unbroken, and with as proper a connexion as I could. What I have besides added I need not tell you, being I fear so much worse than his, that you will easily distinguish it.

I shall say little more of the Play, but that the Rules of Morality and good Manners are strictly observed in it: (Vertue being exalted, and Vice depressed) and perhaps it might have been better received had neither been done in it: for I find, it pleases most to see
Vice

The Epistle to the Reader.

Vice encouraged by bringing the Characters of debauch'd people upon the Stage, and making them pass for fine Gentlemen who openly profess Swearing, Drinking, Whoring, breaking Windows, beating Constables, &c. and that is esteem'd among us a Gentile gayety of Humour, which is contrary to the Customs and Laws of all civilized Nations. But it is said, by some, that this pleases the people, and a Poets business is onely to endeavour that: But he that debases himself to think of nothing but pleasing the Rabble, loses the dignity of a Poet, and becomes as little as a Jugler, or a Rope-Dancer; who please more then he can do: but the office of a Poet is,

Simul & jucunda, & idonea dicere vitæ.

Which (if the Poets of our age would observe it) would render 'em as usefull to a Commonwealth as any profession whatsoever.

But I have too long troubled you with a Discourse of this Play, which (let me say what I will of it) you will judge of as you please: But if you consider, after such an Infinite number of Playes, when

(Nil intentatum nostri liquere Poetæ.)

How difficult it is to write even an indifferent one: (as none but those that cannot write think it easie) Methinks it were but an ordinary piece of Humanity

to

The Epistle to the Reader.

to pardon those Errors you find in Playes, especially,
since they are committed by those who endeavour to
please you, which is the aim among the rest of

Your Servant

Tho. Shadwell.

PROLOGUE.

PROLOGUE.

ONe of the Poets (as they safely may
 When th' Author's dead) has stollen a whole Play:
 Not like some petty Thieves that can endure
 To steall small things to keep their Hands in wre.
 He swears he'l die for something: In our times
 Small Faults are scorn'd, the Great are worthy Crimes,
 Onely for Noble Sparks, who think it fit
 That the base Vulgar should mean Crimes commit.
 — But 'tis your fault Poets such Thieves are grown,
 For that injurious mercy you have shown,
 To some great malefactors heretofore
 Has, for each Thief you've pardon'd, made Ten more.
 — This for the bold Purloiner of the Play,
 'Tis fit I something too of that should say:
 It is a Vertuous Play, you will confess,
 Where Vicious men meet their deserv'd success.
 Not like our Modern ones, where still we find,
 Poets are onely to the Ruffians kind,
 And give them still the Ladies in the Play,
 But faith their Ladies are as bad as they.
 They call 'em Ayery, Witty, Brisk, and Wild,
 But, with their Favours, those are terms too mild.
 — But (what is better yet then all the rest)
 In all this Play, there's not one Bandy jest,
 To make the Ladies bite their Lips, and then
 To be applauded by the Genilemen.
 Baudy, what e're in private 'tis, is here not fit,
 'Tis to Assemblies Sawciness, not Wit.
 But yet we vow'd, (if it were to be had
 For Love or Money) we'd have what's as bad;
 We've stuff'd in Dances, and we have Songs too
 As senceless, as were ever sung to you.
 If all these things will not support our Play,
 Then Gallants you may damn it, yes you may;
 But if you do, you'l suffer such a Curse —
 Our Poet swears he'l write one Ten times worse.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

B <i>Asilius,</i>	King.
<i>Theander</i>	Prince.
<i>Endymion</i>	A worthy Lord of small Fortune.
<i>Pyrrhus</i>	A Creature of the Kings.
<i>Neander</i>	A vain, cowardly, vicious effeminate Lord.
<i>Geron</i>	An old Jealous Fop that has married a young Wife.
<i>Priest.</i> —	
<i>Queen.</i> —	
<i>Cleantha</i>	Niece to the King.
<i>Evadne</i>	Servant to the Queen.
<i>Urania</i>	One that was a Shepherdess, and prefer'd by the Prince to wait on <i>Cleantha</i> .
<i>Phronesia</i>	A vain foolish Woman, Wife to <i>Geron</i> .
<i>Cleopatra</i>	Mother to <i>Urania</i> ; conceal'd by the name of <i>Parthenia</i> .
<i>Messengers, Officers, Shepherds, and Shepherdesses, Nymphs, and Satyrs, Priests of Mars, &c.</i>	

SCENE ARCADIA.

THE

(1)

THE
ROYAL SHEPHERDESSE.

THE FIRST ACT.

Enter Pyrrhus, Endymion, Neander.

Pyrr. **B**Eliev't my Lords, they say the Prince does Wonders.

Nean. They say he kills a world of men indeed ;
But 'faith I think the wonder had been greater
If he had made but half so many live.

Endy. Perchance, my Lord, you'd have him turn

Physitian.

Nean. Rather than Butcher, 'tis the Nobler Trade.

Endy. But they are his Enemies he kills,
Men that offend, and do deserve to die.

Nean. O ! then I think you'll praise the Hangman next,
You give a definition of his Trade.

Pyrr. If I do not mistake your humour Sir,
You were never taken with this dying,
It is a thing does marr a Courtier much.

Nean. 'Thank Heav'n, I am not yet so mad to wish fort ;
Let Broken-Merchants, and the busie Rout
That durt the Streets, when their designs miscarry,
Cry that there's nothing Certain in this World,
I think there's less in that which is to come :
Here I'm sure of something, I'm a Lord,
And live with men : But to be turn'd a grazing
In the *Elizian-Fields* (that men do talk of)
Among Philosophers, n'ere could make a Legg.

Endy. Fie, fie, *Neander* ! this is too prophane,
And relisheth far more of Beast than Man.

B

Nean.

The Royal Shepherdes.

Neas. My Lord, I ask your pardon, I'd forgot
You are a Virtuoso: 'Tis my Lord *Pyrrhus*
That makes me wander from my Argument,
By putting me in Mind o'th World to come,
(A Theam indeed on which few men speak sence.)

Endy. My Lord! you take too great a Liberty.

Neas. I am sure you do, to give such mighty Names
To killing men: why Celebrate the Plague:
What General ever did destroy like that;
Or study Glorious Titles for old age,
That kills all those whom nothing else can kill.

Pyrr. The honour of our Country lies at stake.

Neas. Honour! The Fools Paradise, a bait
For Coxcombs that are poor, and cannot have
Pleasure and Ease; but sell their Wretched lives
(That are not worth the keeping) for that Trifle
Honour; the breath of a few Giddy people:
Well, I shall leave you to your mighty thoughts,
And make a Visit to a Mistress, which I think
Concerns us more than broken Pates for honour.
Adieu

Ex. Neander:

Pyrr. 'Tis a vain Lord!

Endy. He's too prophane, and Chooseth to buy Wit
At the expence of Friends, Religion,
And all but Ladies smiles; which he more values
Then Honest men do the kind looks of Heaven.

Pyrr. And hates nothing, like Reputation won
By Armes: he hares all Deities for *Mars's* sake,
And swears that Generals onely famous grow
By Valiant Friends, or Cowardly Enemies,
Or, what is worse, by some mean piece of Chance.

Endy. The truth is, 'tis odd to observe
How little, Princes, and great Generals
Contribute oftimes to the fame they Win;
How often have we known, that bravest men,
With too short Armes, have fought with fatal Stars:
And have endeavour'd, with their dearest blood,
To get renown, and with such glorious actions,

As

The Royal Shepherdess.

3

As the great Hero's have been fam'd for less :
And yet have fallen by Vulgar hands at last,
Among the Sacrifices of their own Swords,
No more Remembred than poor Villagers,
Whose Ashes sleep beneath the Common flowers
That every Meadow wears, whilst other men,
With trembling hands, have caught a Victory,
And, on pale fore-heads, worn triumphant Bayes.

Pyrr. I have observ'd it often.

Endy. Besides I have thought,

A Thousand times in time of War, when we
Lift up our hands to Heaven for Victory,
Suppose, some Virgin Shepherdess (whose Soul
Is Chaste, and Clean as the Cold Spring where she
Quenches all her Thirst) being told of Enemies
That seek to fright the long enjoy'd peace
Of our Arcadia hence, should straight repair
To some small Fane, and there on humble Knees,
Lift up her trembling hands unto the Gods,
And beg their help ; 'Tis possible to think
Heaven will not suffer her to weep in vain,
But grant her wish—

And so, in the next action happens out,
(The Gods still using means) the Enemy
May be defeated, the glory of all this
Is attributed to the General,
And none but he's spoke Loud off for the Act,
Whilst she, (from whose so unaffected Tears
His Laurel sprung) for ever dwells unknown.

Pyrr. Your Lordship does not doubt the Princes Merit ?

Endy By no means :

I know the Prince a man of that vast soul,
That flesh did never Circumscribe a Greater.
All that I say, is what I've thought upon
Some hours of sweet Retirement, when I've sat,
And viewed the fleeing State of poor Mankind,
A thing too giddy to be understood.

Pyrr. Indeed the Prince does more then give us hopes

The Royal Shepherdess.

Arcadia shall Command those Provinces,
Who lately thought our long and happy peace
Had soften'd so our Minds, that now we were
Fit to be Lorded over by their Wills :
But strange it is, to see the King so little
Joy'd with the news, that still he bears a Face
More troubled than *Sicilian* Seas in storms.

Pyrr. 'Tis for the Love of that poor Shepherdess,
The Prince not Ten months since took from a Cottage
As he was a hunting, and gave the fair
Cleantha for a Present.

Endy. } Alas ! my poor *Urania* ! how doth
aside } Thy harder Fortune vindicate my Choice ?
Who now dares say *Endymion* loves to low,
When he loves her that can make Princes die ;
No more, no more, we must scorn Cottages
Those are the Rocks from whence our Jewels come.
Gold breeds in barren Hills, the brightest Stars
Shine o're the poorer Regions of the North.

Enter King.

Pyrr. Here comes the King ! *Endymion*, pray retire,
It is not fit you should be privy to his Thoughts.

Endy. I'll try if I can hear what resolution
The Kings enrag'd Passion makes him take.

[*He retires.*

King. *Pyrrhus* ! how thrives my Love ? I have
Intrusted you with all I am, and all I wish for.

Pyrr. Sir, I have already done,
What Language and Rewards have power to do

King. And what return am I to hope for then ?

Pyrr. There's little hope : This Ermin will not be
Perswaded from the whiteness she so Loves.

King. Poor Country Girl, where can she find Words
Or Resolution when you do assault her ?

Pyrr. When I first
Mention'd the business to her, all alone,
Poor soul she blush'd, as if already she
Had done some harm by hearing of me speak :

Whilst

The Royal Shepherdess.

5

Whilst from her pretty Eyes two Fountains run
(So true, so Native) down her fairest Cheeks,
As if she thought her self oblig'd to weep
That all the World was not as good as she.

Endym. Heaven! how does this Carriage please me!

King. This Modesty of hers inflames me more.
As springs are hottest in the coldest weather.

Pyrr. Her Tears so innocently begg'd my pity,
That I was straight turn'd over to her side,
And had forgot the Cause for which I strove:

Till rallying agen, I once more gave
A new assault, and urg'd her to answer:

All her reply was no: then humbly pray'd me,

Not to be Cruel to a poor weak Maid,

Who had not any thing, in all the World,

To give her value but her Innocence;

With such Success as this I often have

Affail'd her Vertue.

King. Ah *Pyrrhus*! where will this Tyrant end? shall I
Still be Priest, and Sacrifice, and Altar too,

Unto a Passion, I can satisfie,

But never Conquer? What poor things are Kings?

What poorer things are Nations to obey

Him whom a petty Passion does Command

Heav'n! why was man made so ridiculous?

Pyrr. Your Majesty sayes that of your self;

Which were Impiety in any else,

But once to think,

King. Men but Flatter me,

Oh Fate! why were not Kings made more than men?

Or why will people have us to be more?

Alas! we govern others, but our selves

We cannot rule, like to our Eyes, that see

All other things, but Cannot see themselves.

Pyrr. Sir, do not discompose your self; you may
Soon Queench this mighty Flame, and where your Prayers

Have not prevail'd, your Power may Command:

Who in *Arcadia* dares resist your Will?

Endym.

The Royal Shepherdess.

Endym. O Villain ! This will make thee Chief among
The damn'd in Hell.

King. But stay ! when this poor Maid
Shall Call on Vertue, and the Gods to keep
Her Body, they too weakly have Expos'd,
Shall I (whom men call sacred and divine,
And look on as deriv'd from Ancestors
Who have not Tombs, but Altars) without shame,
And thousand blushes, dare with ruder force,
To drive poor Vertue from her Cleanest Temple ?
And use that power, the Gods have given me
O're others, but to offend them how I please ;
By Heav'n I will not,—But I die—O I am Mortal——

Pyrr. Sir, you'r a King ; But Love's a Deity
Must be obey'd by all. Resolve to try
Whether *Urania* will Love or Die ?

Endym. Heav'n ! what do I hear ?

King. O unruly passion ! whither will it hurry me ?
I must submit ; Use all your subtilties
T' entice her to comply with my desires ;
But if allurements fail, she must be forc'd,
And let me know my Fate within this hour :
Farewell.

Pyrr. Sir, I shall be diligent in obeying all your Commands.

Exit. King.

Enter Endymion from behind the Arbour.

Endym. And I'll reward your diligence.

Pyrr. What does this posture mean ?

Endym. Wert thou not fear'd in Wickedness, thou wouldst
Not ask ; That thou maist know thy Crime I'll write it
In thy own blood, draw quickly or I'll Kill thee
Without defence.

Pyrr. I am amaz'd, but if you long for action,
Come on, I have a Sword that will employ you.

*They fight. Endym. gets Pyrr. down,
with his Sword at his breast.*

Endym. Now Villain !

[Enter Cleantha and Urania]

Clean. Hold, hold ! *Endymion !*

Endym. Madam ! I obey.

Go !

The Royal Shepherdess.

7

Go ! thank the Princess *Cleantha* for your life !
And look you use it better than you have done.

Uran. Madam ! he bleeds, I'll try to bind up his wounds.

Endym. No dear *Urania* ! 'tis but a scratch, but were
It ne're so deep, one touch of that fair hand
Were a sufficient Balsome.

Clean. O fie *Urania* ! how unhandy art thou ?
Sir, let me practice my little skill in Surgery
Upon you.

*She tears her Handkercher, and binds
up his wounds.*

Endym. This is an honour Princes should receive
Upon their Knees : I beseech your Highness
Do not humble your self so far, it is
So slight it does not need a Miracle, for so
Ought your Assistance to be valu'd, Madam,
Urania's skill in this would be sufficient.

Clean. Your Courage makes that seem slight, which others
Would think dang'rous, I'll bind it up.

Endym. How am I confounded with this favour ?
Your Highness does dispence your Charity
As the Gods do to us ; not for reward of Merit,
But for Pity, so to inhaunce the value of ther mercy.

Clean. This Modesty is too much *Endymion*, 'Tis
Ingratitude to Heaven, when it disclaims
Those Vertuous Endowments it has given you.
But what was the occasion of this Quarrel ?

Enter Evadne.

Evad. The Queen desires your Highness
To come to her instantly.

Clean. Come then *Endymion*, tell me as you go.

Endym. I will obey your Highness. —

Clean. But, my Lord, *Pyrrhus* may tell the King of this ; and it
may be your Ruine ; 'twill not be safe for you to appear.

Endym. Madam ! he will be unwilling to meet his own ruine,
to procure mine ; he has drawn blood within the Court, which your
Highness knows by an indispensable Law is death in *Arcadia* ; hee'l
not betray himself.

Clean.

The Royal Shepherdess.

Glean. My Lord 'tis true, Let's to the Queen——

Exeunt all but Evadne!

Enter Neander.

Nean. How does this Minute transport my soul with Joy, to have the blessed privilege to be with fair *Evadne*?

Evad. I am glad it makes some body happy.

Nean. With her who has my Heart.——

Evad. Have I it? pray my Lord take it agen.

I would not be troubled with keeping such a Bawble for the World.

Nean. She whom great Nature (now grown wanton) made to look upon, and scorn her other Works.

Evad. My Lord *Neander*! I see you are resolv'd not to study to no purpose, you will have out your Complement, let me say what I please: but I must take liberty to leave you in the middle of it.

Nean. Nay, Madam, I beseech you be not so unkind.

Evad. Nay now I have put you out of your Complement; I care not if I stay a little longer.

Nean. Madam! you are Cruel! how do you Kill?

Evad. Kill *Neander*? No sure then you would not be so near me.

Nean. I ne're could fear death from so fair a hand as yours.

Evad. I believe indeed, my Lord, you fear death least from the hands of a Woman, which is the Reason you chuse to stay here at Court among the Ladies, rather than go to War with the Prince.

Nean. Madam!—You Ladies have a Priviledge.

Evad. Yes, my Lord, it's sometimes a priviledge to speak Truth.

Nean. 'Faith Madam, you may say what you please.

Evad. Pardon me, my Lord, it would please me much better if I could say you were in the War in *Thessaly*.

Nean. Truly Madam, I could give you very good reasons why I went not to the War with the Prince.

Evad. I believe you can, and so can every body else that knows your Lordship: The first and Chiefest reason was a certain tenderness you have for the preservation of your Person, some scandalous people stick not to call it fear.

Nean.

The Royal Shepherdess.

9

Nean. Do not judge so Madam; I can assure you it was for very different reasons.

Evad. You will give very much satisfaction to the World, if you say what they are.

Nean. Why then, to tell you the truth, Madam, I am somewhat troubled with Corns that I cannot without pain wear a riding Boot: and then I am strangely subject to the Tooth-ach, which makes me very unfit to lie in the Field, which indeed were the two main Reasons made me refuse the War.

Evad. What pity 'tis so brave a Mind should be so unluckily hindered from shewing it self.

Nean. I perceive you railly, Madam.

Evad. I see Sir, you are a man of a quick apprehension.

(Enter Priest.

Priest. How now Daughter? what do you here? my Lord I do not desire your Lordship should make any address to my Daughter, her Fortune is too humble for your thoughts.

Nean. Your servant, Madam.

[*Aside.*] Pox on this Formal Priest. — — — — — *Exit.*

Priest. Well now *Evadne*, my dear Child, thou art Come forth upon the Worlds great Stage, and it Must be my care first to advise thee, then To pray for thee: Yet thou art innocent, (Oh maist thou still be so my Child) yet know'st not Ought but the holy practices of cells, Where vertuous Matrons have instructed thee.

Evad. But now the Scene is chang'd, the Queens Commands Have brought me to the Court to wait on her; The employment truly noble: and I have In her the brightest pattern of true vertue That all the world can boast of.

Priest. But thou'lt find Few more besides whose wandring paths are safe: Those of thy Sex thou'lt find so strangely vain, That they think they have wash'd, and patch'd, and curl'd Themselfes ev'n into little Deities: They do believe that wanton men speak truth, When to consume those hours, they care not for,

111

C

They

The Royal Shepherdess.

They tell 'em that their eyes are more then Stars,
And that they have a killing power, with
A great deal of such amorous fustian;

Evad. They're very credulous that believe 'em sure.

Priest. Then, by degrees, they strangely cheat themselves,
Poor souls, into the fond belief that they
Not only are fairest, but wisest too:

And now they are attain'd to that degree,
All must admire, but none must merit them,
Till rugged time, too old to complement,
Takes from 'em all those little ornaments
Which wanton Nature had adorn'd them with;
And then they do Awake, the Dream is done,
The Market falls, and some distressed Knight,
Unenvied, bears away what all had Courted.

Evad. This is the common Fate of our poor Sex,
When they have great opinions of themselves.

Priest. Therefore *Evadne*, let me pray thee still
Keep thy best jewel, thy Humility:
If thou wearest better Cloaths, alas consider,
Each little flower, that does in Meadows grow,
Is better clad than thee, yet is not proud.

Evad. I will endeavour to obey you in all.

Priest. Hence maist thou shun the common vice of Courts,
Scorn and contempt of others, which oft have
A nobler Vertue, though a meaner Fortune.
For know, *Evadne*, that this lower world,
In which we live, is not distributed
According to mens Merits: the Gods preserve
That Justice for those nobler Regions, which
Themselves inhabit: here the mighty are
Like mighty Mountains, high, but seldome fertile.
The richest soyl is in low Valleys found:
Devotion often weeps, in humble cells,
Whilst under-guilded Roofs profaneness sings.

Evad. I have consider'd often this sad truth.

Priest. This is the world, *Evadne*, but to come
To what I've else to say; thy next Temptation

The Royal Shepherdess.

11

Will be to love ; Know thou wilt surely have
Enow to Court thee : Some 'cause 'tis the Mode,
Others, because they've nothing else to say,
And Wisest men because they think me rich :
But know my Child ! to Marry, is
The greatest Action of our Lives, and merits
The greatest of our Cares : but above all I warn thee
Against *Neander*.

He's a Vicious, Profane, and Idle person,
One, that would make me hate the name of Father,
Should he but call me so ? Well, *Evadne*,
Pray Meditate on what I've said to you,
I'll leave you to your thoughts ————— *Ex. Priest*.

Enter Phronesia.

Evad. What in tears *Phronesia* ? what's the matter ?

Phro. O Madam ! have a care of Marriage, I give you warning
of it.

Evad. What is the old man Jealous still ? It may be you give
him cause.

Phro. No other Cause but that I am with Child, and he distrusts
himself.

Evad. Why did he marry you then ?

Phro. Nay I cannot tell not I.

Evad. Why don't you ask him ?

Phro. I have.

Evad. And what sayes he ?

Phro. He told me ———.

Evad. What ? ———

Phro. O Madam ! you cannot imagine his wicked Intentions. —

Evad. What does he say ?

Phro. He told me he marry'd me onely to keep me honest, like
an old Villanous Tyrant as he is.

Evad. But now it seems he is convinc'd 'tis more than he can do.

Phro. Every one best knows his own abilities ; But why should
he do that to me of all Women ? Marry me to keep me honest ?
out upon him, I defie him and his wicked intentions.

Evad. Indeed it is a hard Case.

C 2

Phro.

The Royal Shepherdess.

Phro. Ay, Madam, is it not? would you be willing to be us'd so? Besides, Madam, no man in the Court offers to speak to me, but he thinks 'tis Love.

Evad. He thinks you are so handsome, perhaps, that it is impossible for any man to look upon you without being smitten.

Phro. That may be something, as you say, Madam, but I will never put up this Injury: Marry me to keep me honest; quoth 'a? I'll never endure it, while I ha' breath: — See Madam—where he comes—do but observe him.

Enter Geron.

Ger. I have brought my self into a sweet condition, like an old fool as I am, why could not I remember how many I had Cuckolded my self, and to think I should not be serv'd in the same kind, were to suppose neither Wickedness, nor Justice in the World.

Phro. Look, Madam upon this Mischievous Count'nance.

Geronto? How could I imagine that any of these sort of Women *himself* would keep themselves honest three minutes, when they fear'd neither the danger of taking Savin, nor a great Belly? Heaven! what a Condition am I in!—now do I plainly perceive the pain that poor Children indure at the coming of their Teeth, by the coming of my Horns—Oh *Phronesia*! are you there?

Phro. Yes! you old Fumbling Sot I am here.—

Evad. Fare you well.

Ex. Evadne.

Ger. O wicked *Phronesia*! how have you us'd me? whom have you appointed now to do me the Courtesie?—my Lord *Pirrhus*—he is of a black Complexion, and that never fails;—My Lord *Endymion*'s a Poet forsooth, and prevails with Sonnets;—and for my Lord *Neander*,—the Priest convinc'd him the other day, that Adultery was a very great Sin, and that's reason enough for him to lie at Rack and Manger; I am sure my head must ake for't.

Pho. Let it ake on, you old Fop, you marry'd me to keep me honest, did you? I'll honest you; I will go instantly and meet 'em all three.

Exit.

Ger.

The Royal Shepherdess.

13

Ger. But I'll follow you close at the heels, and prevent your recreation! —

*If any Man be weary of his life,
Let him at Threescore marry such a Wife.*

Exeunt.

The End of the First Act.

THE SECOND ACT.

Enter Pyrrhus and Urania.

Pyrr. **C**ome fair *Urania*, think upon the honour
To be a Mistress to a King, sounds it not Well?

Uran. It is an Honour I should not envy her
That sought my ruine! I will ne're forsake
My Vertue, for a little outward splendor.

Pyrr. Is Love a Vice *Urania*? why did Nature
Make us all Vicious, when she did immerse
Love in the very beings of all Creatures:
Go search the Universe, and shew me there
What but affrighted man is not as free
To satisfy his Love as Thirst or Hunger;
Beasts ne're dispute the Lawfulness of what is
Natural.

Uran. 'Tis well, my Lord, when you intend
Unlawful Loves to instance not in men
But Beasts-- --but let me ever be
Of that affrighted Number that follow vertue.

Pyrr. Come, come, *Urania*! Love, like men, was free,
Ere Pow'r and Laws had taught 'em both the use
Of Chains, and Fetters: Nature ne're Confin'd
Her No-lest creature to the Narrow'st Prison,
Nor gave him Inclinations to torment him,

Urania.

The Royal Shepherdess.

Uran. But, since those Laws are made, I will obey

Pyrr. But when thy Prince, *Urania* (who in right
Abridges all thy other Liberties)

Shall offer to restore thee this, thou maist
As freely take it as thou might'st the rest.

Uran. but all the power he has can never cancel
That obligation which I owe to Heaven.

Pyrr. Nay, now my work is almost at an end,
When Women come to argue once the thing
It is a kind of yielding.

Uran. Ah my Lord,
Pray add not injury to my Misfortune,
But know, that all the baits you lay before me,
Shall ne're allure me to put off that true
Content I have in being Innocent.

Pyrr. Well ! I perceive you make me toil in vain;
You fool your self, not me; pray hear your doom :
The King's resolv'd to leave you but this Choice
Either to Love, or die; to be the subject
Of his Revenge, or Pleasure; answer quickly,
And answer Wisely; for believ't, *Urania*,
If you refuse his Love, this hour's your last.

Uran. Sure Sir, the King's more just.

Pyrr. By Heaven, it's true.

Uran. Then Heav'n's more merciful; Unfortunate
Unfortunate *Urania*! what canst thou do?

Pyrr. What? thou canst grant the Kings desires and live:
Come, be brief; here's one at hand will have small
Pity on you.

Uran. Oh, my Lord, pity me, pity a distrest Maid.

[*Kneels and weeps.*]

Pyrr. Pity your self, and pity a Prince that loves you:
Come, do not cast away your self; you'r young,
And, if you please, may have many years to live,
(And pleasant Ones) be wise e're it be too late.

Uran. My Lord! what shall I do?

Pyrr. Why love the King——

Uran. And must I loose my Innocence?

Pyrr.

The Royal Shepherdess.

29

Pyrr. Come rise,

Urania live, the King will strait be with you ——— *Ex. Pyrrhus.*

Uran. Wretched *Urania*.

I am undone, for evermore undone ;

Loft to the World, or Innocence ; my choice

Is either to be wicked, or to die.

Oh Heaven ! what black, what fatal Star

Gave sad Misfortune at my birth ?

How happy had I been had I still dwelt

With those who wear poor Cloaths, and honour vertue ?

(Whose pure Chast Loves made Love a Deity !

What will my Mother say when she shall hear

Urania is not Innocent ? and what

Will my brave Lover think ; who near approach'd me

But with a Flame as pure, as that which burns

On holy *Vesta's* Altars ; no, no, die

Unfortunate, but chaste *Urania*,

Never be thrifty of that blood, which must

But serve to blush that it preserv'd it self.

Enter Endymion.

Endym. Ah dear *Urania* ! why these tears ?

Uran. Oh, my Lord, *Urania* is undone !

Endym. Not so because *Endymion* lives ; Know

Urania's ruine never can be writ

But with *Endymions* blood. ———

Uran. Undone beyond

All your relief, because to help me is

To be a Traytor now.

Endym. If to assist

My Queen, be to rebel, then let me wear

Tee glorious name of Traytor.

Uran. Ah my Lord, you know not what I mean.

Endym. Yes, yes, (my Dear)

'Tis that for which I had rewarded *Pyrrhus*,

(Had not *Cleantia* then call'd back my hand.)

Uran. I must this very hour consent, or die.

Endym. Have comfort ; I will help you yet, but know

My dear *Urania* I have lov'd thee long,

And

And with a holy Flame, my Sighs and Tears
Have been as pure, as are those Gales and Springs
which in *Elizium* do refresh the blest :

And yet thou hast not pittied him that loves thee,
Even though thou be'st as gentle, and as soft
As morning dew just melting into Ayre.

Uran. What shall I serve you in my Lord ?

Endym. Permit

Me to enjoy the Title of your servant,
And pay my fire with equal flames again.

Uran. My Lord, I were ingrateful if I should not.

Endym. Then be not so, but (to be short) I fear
The Kings approach, and therefore if thou'lt promise
This night to sleep within my armes (being first
Authoriz'd by *Hymens* Priest)

I'll free thee from the Kings unlawful Love.

Uran. What's to be done in this sad Exigence? ——— *aside.*
(*To him*) My Lord, I will, but satisfie me, how ?

Endym. You must appoint the King to meet you there,
In yonder Grotto, and oblige him to
The Language, and the time of Love, soft Whispers,
And the Night ; and I'll prepare
Some other Woman to supply your place ;
This will gain time till to morrow, when
I'll own you to the King to be my Wife :
Then the respect to all my Loyal services
Will make him quench his now Unruly Passion.

Uran. Ah, who will be so wicked as to meet him ?

Endym. Enow, ne're fear it.

Uran. Sure 'tis impossible !

What Woman would consent to such an A& ?

Endym. Ten thousand, Madam !

Uran. But they shall not for me,
I'd rather chuse a Thousand times to die,
Then own a wretched Life, sav'd at the rate
Of so much infamy.

Endym. Come, be content,
Chaste Soul ; I'll do what you shall well approve ;

My

The Royal Shepherdess.

17

My dear, I must retire, I fear the King:
Now act thy part, and then confide in me;
Be happy fair *Urania*, I am blest
That my employment is to do thee service.

(*Ex. Endymion.*)

Uran. Ah, dear *Endymion*! how could I weep
If tears were able but to wash away
The blackness of my Crime? now thou hast thought
To lead me from the Labyrinth of my Woes,
The next thing I must think must be to cheat
All thy Innocent expectations, which
Are every of them Honours to my self,
And Condescensions in thy noble Soul;

I must endeavour at this very time

To cheat thee of thy hope, and cannot help it. ————— weeps

Enter King.

King. And why with Showres allay you thus your Beams?

Uran. Tears and more are due to my Misfortunes.

King. What's this, *Pyrrius* told me you had consented.

Uran. With what Face can I say yes to the King?

Tho' I but feign consent, and mean to cheat him. ————— *Aside.*

It is Immodest sure ——— it cannot fit

A Woman's Mouth.

King. Are you not yet resolv'd?

What means this doubt? Consent to my desires,

And you shall live ador'd and fear'd by all;

The Kingdom shall rejoyce at all your smiles,

And tremble at your frowns: But if you do not ———

Uran. Is there no other way to save my life?

King. Come, do not trifle thus to tempt my rage.

Uran. Good Sir, be not angry; I will.

King. My dear *Urania*! now be happy, let's withdraw.

This place is much too publick for our Love. ———

Uran. Let me not lose all Modesty at once,

But let Sin take possession by degrees,

I have some sparks of Vertue yet remaining

Which will require some time to quench.

King. I am impatient of delays, in this

D

My

My Expectation makes each hour a day ;
Come follow me, and be obedient.

Uran. Stay but till night, my guilty blushes may
Be hid in darkness then, a season fit
For actions that may shame the wicked doers.

King. This, tho' it be hard to grant, I'll not deny.

Uran. And I beseech your Majesty let's Whisper so
That none may over-hear us when we meet ;
I am now affraid of every little thing
That looks like danger.

King. Fear not ; none shall hear us.

Uran. I have one thing more, but 'tis the chief of all.

King. Name it *Urania*, what e're it be :
After this boon of thine, there's not a thing
In all the World I can deny thee

Uran. *Endymion* oft has made Addresses to me ;
And has been still repuls'd, which makes him have
Such way Eyes upon me, that I fear
I cannot be secure, but by his absence :
I beseech your Majesty, let him be sent
So far from Court that he cannot return
Until to morrow morning at the soonest :
This Sir, upon my Knees I beg you'll grant.

King. Rise, and ask something worth my giving.

Uran. I think this so ; pray Sir deny me not.

King. I'll instantly perform what you enjoin. — — — *Ex. King.*

Uran. Thus, thus, I must reward the brave *Endymion* ;
Thus my Engagement to him is made void ;
But I will recompence him with my Tears.
That's all the Expiation I can make.

Enter Neander meeting her going out.

Nean. Madam, your most obedient servant.

Uran. Sir, I beseech you let me go. ———

Nean. How am I confounded with your Beauty ? ———

Uran. I am not now dispos'd for Mirth, ———

Nean. So absolute that Nature seem'd to have collected

The Royal Shepherdess.

19

All her scatter'd strength. —

Uran. My Lord —

Nean. To shew it in one perfect piece.

Uran. Detain me not —

Nean. And has e're since been idle —

Uran. My Lord, the Princess expects me !

Nean. As if she had done enough in making you. —

Uran. I cannot stay. —

Nean. Such an accomplish'd beauty, that —

Uran. What means this rudeness ?----

Nean. She seems to have out-done her self.----

Uran. Why *Neander* ?----

Nean. In this incomparable Model.----

Uran. What torment's this ?

Nean. She has shown such admirable skill.----

Uran. Oh ! what Immodesty is this ?----

Nean. That all submit to your Victorious Eyes.----

Uran. What have I done you shou'd affront me thus ?----

Nean. Which do like Lightning dazle----

Uran. For Heav'n's sake let me go ?----

Nean. Whose high insinuating pow'r is such----

Uran. I am oblig'd to you Sir, Fare you well.

[She gets loose, he follows her.]

Nean. It melts the Soul, though it does not

Touch the body. ————— *Ex. Urania.*

So ! now 'tis out ; I had been most abominably heart burnt if I had kept it in ; 'This Love passion, if I had not vented it as it rose, would have swell'd me as much as a Fit of the Mother.

Here comes *Evadne* ; What *(Enter Evadne.)*

Can I say to her ? 'Slife I have spent all my Stock already. —

Dearest *Evadne*, fairest Murtheress, thou hast slain *Neander* with thy pretty Eyes. *Embraces her.*

Evad. And do you apprehend me for it Sir ?

Nean. That flower in your bosome is far happier than I ; That fain would live, and you to kill it place it in your bosome : I would fain live too, and you to kill me, thence will keep me out.

Evad. Here's such killing and slaying at Court,
That you had as good have gone to War with the Prince, for ought
I see. *Nean.*

The Royal Shepherdes.

Nean. A death from your fair hand, I wou'd embrace.

Evad. Ay, th's kind of dying put's a man to no pain, but to be run through the Lungs, or shot through the Body is mighty inconvenient.

Nean. Ay, 'faith is it. —

Evad. But 'tis honourable.

Nean. For my part, I cannot possibly find what honour there is in having Oylet-holes made in a mans body: 'Slife a Mans body is not made to see through, is it? and yet I know some Duelling Coxcombs so often run through, as if their bodies were intended Through-fares for Swords. —

Evad. But I hope you have more prudence then to venture that danger.

Nean. If I be run through, may I be pickl'd up when I am dead like a Surgeon, & be seru'd up to the Table of an old Mangy U-furer.

Evad. I will say this in your Commendations, that when danger presents it self, I believe there is not a man in all *Aradia* so active as your self, I mean so swift of Foot.

Nean. Not so, Madam, indifferent, indifferent!

Evad. But suppose Sir I should stand in need of a Champion.

Nean. O Madam! your Eyes will revenge your Quarrels.

Evad. Or they must be unreveng'd for you!

Nean. Nay, Madam, in a Lady's Cause I can be a Lyon.

Evad. When you meet with a Lamb.

Nean. Nay, Madam! I have Courage, but I must confess, 'Tis a thing a man may better spare then any of his Goods and Ghattels.

Evad. Yes, yes, you have Courage, witness the going to The War when you were commanded!

Nean. It was not want of that; But who the Devil, that had a plentiful Estate, like me, and might live among these pretty Ladies at the Court, would go to lie without Sheets, with Stones and Blocks, for Pillows, and be most honourably Lowfie, and damnably maul'd, for a company of ungrateful Fellows, that live Luxuriously at home, and laugh at the Honourable Affairs abroad? and when they have done, they value these Mighty men of War, just as a man does a Creditor that Duns him for Money lent, which he never intended to pay.

Enter

The Royal Shepherdess.

21

Enter Geron.

Evad. What would this old jealous Fop have?

Ger. Nay, now I will not hang my self yet: I'll be reveng'd on this Lord first — My Lord —

Nean. Pox o' this Rogue, how I scorn any one that's below me, What say you *Geron*?

(Geron aside.) Furies pursue him.
How does your Lordship?

Nean. Very well! how does your Lady?

Ger. 'Tis he has done it, a Curse on him.

Nean. Why how now? what do you Conjure? what's the matter? *Aside.*

Ger. I need not Conjure, I know the Father now. *(To himself.)*

Nean. Why what do'st thou mutter man?

Ger. My Lord! why shou'd you ask for my Wife?

Nean. Because I am Civil.

Ger. Because I am a Cuckold.

(Aside.)

Nean. Pox on thee, why do'st not speak out?

Evad. Your Servant, my Lord, suppose by this time my Lord *Endymion* has left the Queen.

Nean. I beseech you let me wait on your Ladyship *(Exit.)*

Ger. This is the man! 'tis he, Why should he ask for my Wife? Suppose I have a Wife, what's that to him, must he needs be asking for her presently? This Rascal *Neander*, this Villain that I dare not say any thing to, not because he's Valiant, for then it would not grieve me, but because he's a Lord, which he could no more help, then I can that I am a Cuckold: Here's another Lord too.

Enter Endymion.

Endym. O *Geron*! how is't with you?

Ger. Your Servant, my Lord.

Endym. How does *Phronesia*?

Ger. Here's another, what Two Lords to make one Cuckold?

Endym. What, are you mute? has any Misfortune befalln your Wife?

Ger. Too much has befalln me I am sure: 'Sdeath I am Cuckolded and laught at too: you do not well my Lord to use me thus.

Endym.

The Royal Shepherdess.

Endym. You make me wonder *Geron!* what are you distracted?

Ger. And you have made me a Cuckold among you I am sure;
a sweet one I thank you for't. (To himself.)

*Enter a Page and delivers a Letter to Endymion,
at which he withdraws a little.*

Ger. My Lord I take my leave: you have business---
[*Aside.*] A Curse on you all. (Ex. *Geron.*)

Endymion reads.

My Lord,

WE are informed that there happen'd last night a Mutiny in our
Castle at Argos: It is our pleasure therefore immediately
on sight hereof you take a convenient Number of our Light-horse, and go
thither, and use your best Endeavours to appease it, and bring with you
the principal Actors therein, to receive such punishment as their Crimes
shall deserve.

Basilus Rex.

Where will not Misfortune find me out?
Sure Fortune has more Eyes than those that say
She has none; Else how could she still hit
The self-same mark.—
This night, when I suppos'd within thy Armes,
Thy Armes, my Dear, to have scorn'd all the World,
To have pity'd Monarchs, and look'd down on Kings,
Thus to be hurry'd thence?---but stay!--I sin,
I sin like all the World, who never think
That every other part is well, if but
One Finger pains them. I am happy that
I have gain'd her Love, which can no more
Change than a Star his Course, or Fate
Her Everlasting Laws; and I'me to fail
But one night of my Promise;---but that night
Is a whole Age,---yet I must go,---O Heaven!--
I dare not go to take my leave of her:
One look of hers would tempt me to Rebellion.

Here

The Royal Shepherdess.

23

Here she comes ! Heaven ! what shall I do ?

Enter Cleantha and Urania.

Clean. My Lord !

In what Condition did you leave the Queen,
That she's retir'd at this unusual hour ?

Endym. Madam, her Majesty was very well ; but thoughtful !---
(*Aside*) How is my Loyalty already shaken---
I cannot longer endure the shock---I'll write to her
To excuse my absence---Your Highness humble servant,
Your servant Madam.

Ex Endymion.

Clean. He seem'd as if he had disorder in his
Thoughts, and yet methinks it did become him too. (*She sighs.*)

Uran. Why does your Highness thus afflict your self ?

Clean. Wretched *Cleantha* ! yet too Fortunate
In that which Fools call happiness ; O Fate !
Why do'st thou thus abuse the World, to make
Some high, some low ; yet every one alike
Unhappy ? what e're our stations be,
We meet in this sad Center---Misery.

Uran. Madam, you are more happy then you think you are.

Clean. Those whom Fate does destine to such Plagues,
As would break forth through private windows, it
Does place in Mighty Palaces, and with
External splen^{or} hides their Inward griefs
From Common-peoples Eyes, while they, poor Souls,
Admire-what (did they understand) they'd pity.

Uran. How many that behold your Highness walk,
Attended by the proudest Youths of *Greece*,
And Gayer much than Tulips in the Spring,
Do think you, every Minute, happier far
Then Cowards, condemn'd, are when their Pardons read,
And Every Lady in *Arcadia*,
But wretched, when compar'd to your bright Fortune.

Clean. Whilst poor *Cleantha*, at that very time,
Envy's some Village Maid, that Ruffet wears,
(The Livery of those Sheep she does attend)
And freely favours the poor Swain she loves,
And sleeps at night — *Cleantha's* oft admir'd,

And

The Royal Shepherdess.

And her great Titles reckon'd up, whilst she,
Does in her Cloſet, weep ſhe is not leſs.
Poor *Endymion*! how little dar'ſt thou think
My Thoughts; or I dare ſay them to thee.

Uran. Should *Endymion* ſpeak,
You then would hate him for his Confidence,
A Crime of which he never can be guilty.

Clean. Nay, ſhould he ſpeak, in that he would forfeit
The very thing I love him for, that reſt
He finds in the *Elizium* of his thoughts,
And thoſe true ſatisfaſtions which he takes
In being all the World unto himſelf.

Enter Evadne and Neander.

Evad. Sir, I beſeech you do not follow me,
It would incenſe my Father much againſt me
If he ſhou'd ſee you.

Nean. Madam, never mind
What old Gray people in their Wiſdom talk of,
They'd Croſs us out of Envy to our youth;
For when the Wine of Love is drawn out of 'em,
Thy live ſome years by its Vinegar, ſpight.

Clean. Poor Lady, how ſhe's poſter'd with yon gaudy Nothing.

Enter Phroneſia, and after Geron.

Phro. O Madam! we ſhall have a Ball to night,
The Queen will entertain his Maſteſty, and deſires your Highneſs
to be ready.

Clean. I attend her pleaſure.

Ger. Hell take that Clogg of mine; how overjoy'd ſhe is to
have an opportunity to ſhow her ſelf, and lay baits for young Gudge-
ons!

Nean. Let me Conſider how I may look
amiably in the ſight of the Ladies; let me ſee,
a Patch or two here, and a little more red
here — very well; this Face of mine cannot chuſe but charm them!

*He pulls out of his
Pocket a Looking-
glass.*

Ger.

The Royal Shepherdess.

25

Ger. Well Minion, there's a Ball ; but let me but see you dare to look upon any man but my self there, and by all the villainies of thy Sex, I'll tear thy flesh from thy bones, and hang thy Skeleton up in a Physick School. *[She shrinks from him.]*

Clean. How now *Geron*, what in passion with your Wife ?

Ger. O no : and 'please your Highness I cannot be angry with any one I love so well.

Phro. Ah, Madam ! he threatens to tear my flesh from my bones, and 't please your Highness.

Clean. *Geron* ! do you know before whom you do this ?

Ger. Certainly, my dear, thou art distracted, how com'st thou to mistake thy self so ; Madam, I have a great Tenderneſs for her as I have for my own eyes, Heaven knows.

Nean. They deserve much alike ; his Eyes are Blood-shot, Rhu-matick and Blind, and his Wife Ugly, Insolent and Froward.

Ger. If thou knew'st, my dear *Phroneſia*, how great a value I have for thee, thou would'st not thus have injur'd me.

Clean. So, this is well ; but *Urania* and *Evadne* let us go wait upon the Queen : *Neander*, stay you here.

Ex. Clean. Uran. Evad.

Nean. I like not that so well, I love this *Evadne* most abominably.

Ger. Prithee ! my Dear, harbour not so ill thoughts of thy loving Husband till death ; *Geron* — you Strumpet, I'll make you know what 'tis to use me thus.

Phro. My Lord *Neander* help, or this old Wizard will murder me ; Avant *Belzebub*.

Nean. Hold *Geron* !

Here's a Fellow I may show my Valour on ;
He is old, and Cowardly : Oh, that all *Hectors* had the
Same discretion in the Choice of their men that I have,
They would not be so often beaten as they are ; Now
Will I prove as good a Knight Errant as the best of 'em,
And rescue this distress'd Lady. *[Aside.]*

Ger. Huswife, to morrow will come. —

Phro. My Lord ! 'Pray take my part against this wicked old Jealous, Toorhles, Impotent fellow.

Nean. Do you hear Sir ! do but dare to think of injuring this
E Lady,

The Royal Shepherdess.

Lady, and I will take you, and slice you, and salt you, and broyl you upon a Grid-iron, as they do a Neck of Mutton; Rogue I will, look for't: Now methinks I huffe as bravely as the best of 'em all; when I find no resistance.

Ger. A Curse on him; without question this is he that has done me the Injury: If I cannot get my Wife with Child, must he do't for me with a Murrain to him.

Nean. What's that you mutter Sir: Come immediately and Reverence this Lady, or by my Courage, (which 'thank Heaven he thinks too great to question) and by the Soul of my Friend *Alexander*, I'll make as many holes in thy old musty Body, as there are in the inside of a Dove-house.

Ger. I must do't; I may be cut off else in the flower of my age.

Nean. D'you hear Sir, when I say the word, make your honour to her.

Phro. Ay, my Lord, teach him his duty to me.

Ger. Alas! your Lordship mistakes me, she is a most admirable Lady; I hold her next my heart.

Nean. Come, do't then, and look you serve her, and adore her, d'ye hear Sir.

Ger. My dearest pretty Duckling, thy most humble servant to command. —

Phro. Ay, this is as it should be. —

Ger. *with a kind look*] Must you have your Stallions, and your Bravo's too, you most abominable Strumpet; I will cut your throat infallibly.

Phro. Ah, my Lord, he threatens me again; I beseech your Lordship give him due correction for his Insolence.

Ger. This is insufferable, that a Man must be affraid to Chastise his own Wife for fear of her blustering Gallants.

Nean. You Hell-hound, come and be Friends with her, and kiss her instantly, or thou shalt not draw thy perfidious breath two minutes longer. — Peace, peace, the Queen's a coming Sir, I'll think of you another time!

Enter Priest and Queen.

Priest. Madam, I hope your Majesty will, in this Slight trouble, still preserve that noble Temper

Which

Which hitherto has guided all your actions.
The Sin is but in *Embrio*, yet, we'll stifle it
Before it is brought forth; you have found
The Intention, and may well prevent the act.

Qu. I cannot but resent the injury,
My Lord intends to do himself, and me:
Poor Prince! I pity him, and oh that Heaven
Wou'd do so too, and vouchsafe one beam
To his benighted Breast, to let him see
How mean a thing it is, softly to creep, at
Cowardly Midnight, to his bed of sin:
But I am resolv'd to hide my resentments,
And design'd this little Entertainment for that
Purpose — Here comes the King. *(Enter King and Pyrrhus.)*

Pyrr. Sir! *Urania* assures me she will not
Fail as soon as the Dance is over.

King. Go you, and see yon *Grotto* then prepar'd.

Pyrr. It shall be fitted for the Scene of Love.
I shall make haste to wait on your Commands.

King. Then all I have to do is to make some fair
Pretence to the Queen for my absence:
How does my Queen? What no more Company?

Qu. I need none, now I have found my Lord, who is to me all
Company.

King. She still obliges me so, I cannot think
Of my *Urania's* Love, but with regret.

Queen. Will your Majesty please to sit and see this Entry:

King. With all my heart.

Qu. How does this please you Sir?

King. I am a little disorder'd on the sudden: I am not well.

Qu. Heav'n guard you Sir, what is the matter?

King. 'Tis not much, but I hope this Night's rest will make me
well.

Qu. Sure Sir, you do not well to tarry here.

King. I do not, Madam; I'll Retire. Good night.

Qu. Nay, give me leave Sir to attend you.

King. No! I will not draw you from the Entertainment this
pleasant Evening may afford you, Madam.

The Royal Shepherdess.

Qu. Alas ! dear Sir ! you injure me to think that that same Evening that gives pain to you ; Can give me pleasure.

King. My dear ! I am not sick.

I onely am a little indispos'd,
I'll beg your pardon to retire this night,
But pray stay you, and take no further Care,
Till at your own apartment I see you
To morrow morning.

Qu. Sir ! your will is still my Law.

King. Once more good Night ————— *Ex.*

Qu. Poor Prince ! now little do'st thou think
How soon thou art to meet with her thou fly'st,
That wife that still has been so constant !
Oh ! how ridiculous
Just Heaven does make the wayes of men,
When they forsake the wayes of Vertue.
This brave Prince,
(At whose Victorious Armies Greece now trembles)
When he contrives inglorious actions, shall
At the same time, be pity'd by his servants,
And a poor Girl, shall up-braid him, in
Contriving to preserve him vertuous :
How do men ravel back to Child-hood, when
They cease to be thy Children, sacred Vertue !
And need the Care of every little person,
That what they call for may not do 'em harm.

Priest. Not to be subject to temptation is
A priviledge onely had in th' other world,
And yet I hope, Madam, what you design
Will him from his intended Crime defend,
Use you the means, and Heaven will crown the End.

Exeunt.

The End of the Second Act.

T H E

THE THIRD ACT.

Enter King and Pyrrhus.

King. Good morrow, my Lord.

Pyrr. A good day to your Majesty.
A day as pleasant as your night has been.

King. Ah *Pyrrhus*! I wish it indeed.

Pyrr. I hope your Majesty has been well enough diverted
This night. —

King. Yes, my Lord, tho' not as you suppose,
I've been diverted from those wild desires
That made me first injure my self, and then
Unlord my Confident, but I have ask'd pardon
Of Heaven, and my own Majesty, and now
I beg it too from you, my Loyal *Pyrrhus*;
Forgive me that I have profan'd thy faith,
By such Commands, that thou art bound to ask
Blest Heav'n forgiveness for thy Loyalty.

Pyrr. Your Majesty I hope will give me leave
To wonder at this Change, and understand it,
When you shall please to think me fit for't.

King. I'll tell thee all — when now the Night
Grew blak enough to hide a sculking action,
I softly stole

To yonder Grotto, through the upper Walks,
And there found my *Urania*; but I found her,
I found her *Pyrrhus*, not a Mistress, but
A Goddess rather, which made me to be,
No more her Lover, but her Worshipper:
She onely whisper'd to me as she promis'd,
Yet never heard I any voice so loud,
And tho' her Words were gentler far than those
That holy Priests do speak to dying Saints;

Yet

The Royal Shepherdess.

Yet never Thunder signify'd so much.

Pyrr. 'Plague of her whispering, if this Change be true,
I am in a sweet Condition. ——— *Aside.*

King. And what did make still more impresson on me,
Methought her whispers were my injur'd Queens,
Her manner just like hers, and when she urg'd
(Among a thousand things) the injury
I did the faithfull'st Princess in the World,
Who now suppos'd me sick, and was perchance
Upon her Knees off'ring up holy Vows
For him who mock'd both Heav'n, and her.

Pyrr. This is very fine I faith!

King. When shee urg'd this, and wept, and spake so like
My poor deluded Queen, *Pyrrhus*, I trembled,
And my hot raging blood straight turn'd to Ice,
I being perswaded that it was her Angel
Spoke through *Urania's* Lips, who for her sake
Took Care of me as something she much Lov'd.

Pyrr. aside. These are unhappyy qualmes for me, I have
No way to keep his favour now, for I am sure
I am good for nothing Else, but what he last
Employ'd me in; but how did you leave her Sir?

King. *Urania* still is Chaste, but how do'st think
I shall reward her for this vertuous Action?

Pyrr. A Curse on her ——— *Aside.*
There are ten thousand wayes Sir.

King. No, no, for this I must undo her now.

Pyrr. You make me wonder Sir.

King. You know she told me,
Endymion was her Servant (a rare man)
That can love Vertue where he sees her poor;
And I shall be constrain'd to banish him
To some remoter Island, unless he'll be
(Which I much doubt) content to marry her.
Within few dayes.

Pyrr. This is all news.

King. It is:
But *Pyrrhus*, thou art worthy of my secrets,

And

The Royal Shepherdes.

31

And therefore know, I've lately learnt *Cleantha*
Loves nothing but *Endymion*: tho' she has
(Thou knowst) a Prince that Courts her high in birth,
And Fortune too: One worthy of our alliance,
The Prince of *Macedon*, who by his Father was
Engag'd to marry the King of *Thrace* eldest Daughter:
But that was hindred by the late rebellion
Where the pious King of *Thrace* by his inhumane
Subjects was basely murder'd, and his Queen and two
Daughters forc'd to fly for their safety, and never
Since were heard of.

Pyrr. The great *Cleopatra*, with her Eldest, who was grown
A Woman, and another who was a little Child.

King. The same: But since the loss of all these Princesses,
The Prince's affections have engag'd him here;
That was his Fathers Choice, but this his own;
Yet she flights all his Addresses, and last night
I was inform'd 'twas onely for the sake
Of this *Endymion*, the Certainty
I hope to know from our good Priest, whom I
Employ'd to sound her resolutions,
Whence I shall soon discern *Endymions* Fate.

Pyrr. But does *Endymion* know *Cleantha* loves him?

King. I am told he does not: all that can be gather'd
Is but from some few words, she was by chance
O'reheard to say unto her self, too big
For her own breasts Confinement, and too secret
It seems for any others Ear.
But heark! what's yonder?

(Trumpet within.

Pyrr. I believe *Endymion* is return'd.

King. Go and enquire the News of him; I must to th'
Queen, the Shepherds are to Entertain me here in this
Adjoyning Grove with some of our *Arcadian* sports,
As they do once a Month: but here's my Niece.
Niece! A good morning to you. ————— Enter *Cleantha*.
What makes you abroad so early?

Clean. To take the pleasant ayre of this Garden.

King. Much good may it do you: I'll leave you to your thoughts.

Clean.

Clean. Heaven blefs you ————— *Ex King.*

————— when Ev'ry thing is green
Must poor *Cleantha* onely wither, and never
Know a Spring ? Was I made onely high
Like *Rhodope*, and *Hemus*, or the Alps,
To dwell with everlasting Winter ? to wear Snow,
When every Valley is adorn'd with Roses ?
Well I must die, then I may also be
Happy as other Folks ; the Grave look's Wistly,
Like my Fortune, there I shall not see
Poor Villagers more blest in Love than I,
And there I shall be able to make appear
Cleantha and *Endymion* Equall are ;
Then possibly some of *Cleantha's* Earth
May prove a little Flower, and look fresher
Then when it was a part of a great Princess.

Enter Urania.

Uran. Madam ! the Queen expects your Highness.

Clean. I'll wait on her. ————— *Ex. Cleantha.*

Uran. *Endymion* is return'd ! what shall I do ?

To be at once both Just and Civil too.
If I could satisfy *Endymion's* Love,
I shou'd unjust to great *Theander* prove ;
That Prince who to so mean a thing as I,
(Bred in a little Cottage) did bestow
His Noble Heart, which is a Present fit
For any Princess fruitful *Greece* can boast of:
From whom if I could give my Love, I would not.
Why did I give my Promise then last night ?
And yet the Generous *Endymion*
Will sure forgive me when he knows the Cause:
He's here ; Heaven forgive me, what I'm forc'd to.

Enter Endymion.

Endy. Madam ! I come upon my Knees to beg your pardon.

Uran. My Lord, it is not well to mock me further,
You have deluded me enough already :

Thus

The Royal Shepherdess.

33

Thus we that are so easie to bestow

Our Love, the greatest Treasure we possess,

Are still neglected by ungrateful men;

But I had thought to have found more truth in you.

Endym. Madam! 'twas my allegiance forc'd me from you.

Uran. Those men, who dare offer such injuries,
Never want bolduefs to excuse their Crimes.

Endym. Had I refus'd t'obey my Kings Command,
You could not think me Worthy of your Love.

Uran. aside He speaks a Truth, I ought, but dare not own,
What a fond Fool was I to be so forward
In trusting a Court Lord, to believe
You e're would marry one of my mean Fortune.

Endym. Dear *Urania*, I appeal to'th' Gods
Who are honour'd when they'r witnesses to truth.

Uran. Make no more Vows, I am not to be deceiv'd agen,
I was too foolish to believe your last :- Farewell, my Lord.

Aside.] The Powers above forgive me, ————— *Ex. Uran.*

Endym. How much unlike *Urania* is this Passion?
Who us'd to be all Calm, and gentle still:
And sure would be so, did not my unlucky
Stars, that never meant me good, incline
Her to this Anger. ————— *Ex. Neander.*

Nean. Your servant, my Lord!

Endym. 'Curse on this vain Fop. ————— *Ex. Endym.*

Nean. Are you so stout; Farewell. — Well! I wonder whom
the Devil intends I shall marry with? I have been a servant, as they
call't; that is, I have Ly'd, and Sworn, and spent Money upon
every Lady about the Court, and still am as far from having one of
them as the very'st Evnuch is; nay more, for they say Evnuchs
have a Trick now a-daves to please the Ladies Exceedingly: —
I was in most hopes of *Evadne*, and love her best: but the old Priest
forbids her to see me, or speak with me; Here
she comes! — I will force her to hear me — *Enter Evadne*
Dear Apple of my Eye! why this haste? thou *in haste.*
hast wounded me, and then thou fly'st me.

Evad. There is a sufficient reason for't.

Nean. Must then *Neander* die?

F

Evad.

The Royal Shepherdess.

Evad. My reason is obedience.

Nean. Obedience to a Priest! we have liv'd to a fine age to be govern'd by that Tribe i' faith.

Evad. That Priest is my Father.

Nean. Ay, and an incomparable father too! that will Chuse no Husband for you but a heavy headed Fool, that is afraid to swear, thinks most old Women Witches, and believes that dead folks walk.

Evad. Let me go! why do I talk with this vain piece of Frigperry.

Nean. Well, I perceive you will hear no more of your servant. ————— *Ex. Evadne.*

What Sor in all *Arcadia*, but this old ball'd Hackney Priest, would not marry his Daughter to my Estate, tho' I were the arrantest Coxcomb in *Greece*? So he might have said his Daughter my Lady such a one, and talk of her Gentlemen Ushers, her Pages, and her Women, who would Care whether her Husband were a Philosopher or no? Poor *Evadne*, thy Mother dy'd too soon for thee; she, good Woman, would have made a hard shift to have sate at the uper end of my Lord *Neanders* Table, to have had occasion to have made up a fine Mouth, and have said to *Evadne*, Daughter, you don't help my Lord, &c. well! I'll be aveng'd on some body for this.

Enter Geron.

Ger. For my Wife, I have secur'd her under two double Locks and Keys; the Devil's in't if she breaks Prison now: I'll keep her from these publick Meetings: She, like a Strumpet, was mad to be at this Entertainment of the Shepherds.

Nean. Here's a fellow in a worse condition with a Wife, then I am for want of one.

Ger. Hell take this Lord! must I still see him where e're I go— My Lord, your most obedient servant.

Nean. *Geron*! how is it?

Ger. How is what? but let it be how it will I care not.

Nean. How does your Wife?

Ger. Furies seize this damn'd Lord! ————— *Aside.*
My honour'd Lord! my Wife is at your Lordships service, 'Plague
on

The Royal Shepherdess.

35

on him, he has made, I believe, too bold with her already. — Is she here — I shall be undone, Cuckolded, abus'd; what will become of me? I am sure I lock't her fast.

*Enter King, Queen, Clean, Uran, Evad, Phro, Endym.
Priest, (and all the Court.)*

Qu. Geron! let me once more hear of this ill usage of your Wife, and I'll banish you the Court.

Ger. A Curse on her, must she appeal to the Queen too.

King. Have you spoke with the Princess.

Priest. I have Sir, and when I prest her to it, she confest to me she lov'd *Endymion*, though at first she was unwilling to own it.

King. What a Misfortune is this to me: some speedy Care must be taken. — But come let us take our places, and hear what these Shepherds will afford us.

Qu. I am infinitely pleas'd with 'em, they are
The happy'st Innocent'st people in the World.

Scene draws, and Shepherds and Shepherdesses are discovered lying under the Shades of Trees, at the appearance of the King and Court; one arises and sings as follows *In Stilorecitative*.

2.

*S*hepherds awake, the God of day does rise,
Bedeck'd with all the Glories of the Skyes,
And round about scatters his heat and light,
And dazles all our sight.

{ Here they rise, and bow to the King and Court,
and one sings on.

*In vain the Persians, heretofore,
Did their dull God of light adore,
Since we have one can give us more:
By whose bright influence, we enjoy
(What other Nations toyle for long)
Life without Labour; full of Joy,
And free from all Oppressors wrong.*

F 2

Cho.

Cho. { Here our own proper Flocks of Sheep
of 2. { We may in pleasant safety keep.

Here a perpetual Spring does cloath the Earth,
And makes it fruitful with each seasons birth.
In this fair Climate every day
Is fresh and green as May,
And here no beauty can decay.

Cho. of 3. { Thus, thus live we,
As the Elements free
Each day and each night
Is Crown'd with delight
Without either Envy or Strife
This is the Folly Shepherds life.

2.

Free from all Cares in pleasant Shades,
And fragrant Bowres, we spend the day;
(Bowers which no Heat, nor Cold invades;
Which all the year are fresh and gay)
Each does his Loving Mate embrace,
And in soft pleasures melts the Hours away,
So Innocently that no Face,
Of Nymph or Shepherd can a guilt betray:
And having Ease, the Nurse of Poetry,
We sing the stories of our Loves;
As Chaste as Turtle-Doves,
Free from all Fear and Jealousie
From every Envious Eye:
For every Man possesses but his own,
No Shepherd sighs, nor Shepherdes does frown:
No Ambition here is found,
But to be Crown'd
Lord or Lady of the May;
And on that solemn day,
For Singing to have praise
Or for finding to deserve the Bayes,
Thus, thus live we, &c.

3.

*In the Cool Evening, on the Lawns we play,
And merrily pass our time away.
We dance, and run, and pipe, and sing,
And Wraastle in a Ring.
For some gawdy Wreaths of Flowers,
Crop't from the fruitful Fields, and Bowers,
By some pretty Nympts compos'd,
By their fair hands to be dispos'd,
To those ambitious Shepherds, who
With Vertuous Emulation strive to do
What may deserve the Garlands, and (obtain'd)
Are prouder far than Princes that have gain'd
In fight their Valours prize,
Or ever stubborn Nation's Victories;
Whilst in the adjoyning Grove the Nightingale
Does tell her mournful Tale,
And does our Pleasures greet,
With each Note,
So sweet, so sweet, so sweet
From her pretty juggling, juggling throat.
It does each Breast inspire
With loving heat and with Poetick Fire.
Thus, thus live we, &c.*

4.

*We live aloof from Destiny,
(That onely quarrells with the Great)
And in this Calm Retreat,
(Content with Nature uncorrupted) we
From splendid miseries of Courts are free;
From pomp, and noise, from pride, and fear;
From Factions, from divisions Glee,
Free from brave beggery, smiling strife.
This is indeed a Life:*

The Royal Shepherdess.

No flaves in Titles vex our Cares,
 Nor quarrel we for what's our own,
 No noise of War invades our Eares,
 We suffer not the Rage of Sword, or Gown.

Our little Cabans stronger are,
 Then Palaces, to keep out woes;
 Nor ever take we Care
 To fortifie 'gainst any Foes,
 But little showres of rain, or hail,
 Which seldom do this place assail.

Thus, thus live we, &c.

Here the Shepherds and Shepherdesses take hands round, and Dance, as they sing the following Song, and at the end of the Song they fall into the Figure they must dance in.

(1)

Thus all our Life long we are frolick and gay,
 And, instead of Court-Revels, we merrily play
 At Trap, and at Keels, and at Barlibreak run,
 At Goff, and at Stool-ball, and when we have done
 Cho. { These Innocent Sports, we laugh, and lie down,
 And to each pretty Lass we give a green Gown.

(2)

We teach our little Doggs to fetch and to carry
 The Partridge, the Hare, and the Pheasants our Quarry:
 The nimble Squirrels with Cudgells we Chase,
 And the little pretty Lark we betray with a Glass,
 And when we have done, we laugh and lie down,
 And to each pretty, &c.

(3)

About the May-pole we dance all around,
 And with Garlands of Pinks, and of Roses are Crown'd;

Our

The Royal Shepherdess.

39

*Our little kind Tributes we cheerfully pay
To the gay Lord, and to the bright Lady of the May.
And when we have done, &c.*

(4)

*With our delicate Nymphs we Kiss and we Toy,
What all others but Dream of we daily Enjoy;
With our sweet-hearts we dally so long till we find
Their pretty Eyes say that their hearts are grown kind:
And when we have done, &c.*

Enter a Messenger.

King. What means this Messenger?

Mess. Great Sir, *Theander* now has gain'd in *Thessaly*
A perfect Conquest over all our Enemies,
Having o're-thrown them in one fatal Battel,
He has reduc'd them to obedience.

King. The Powers above be prais'd:
Let me know the Particulars.

Uran. to her self.] How am I transported with this happy news!
My heart is yet too narrow for my joy:
My Prayers were heard, the brave *Theander's* safe,
And comes in Triumph too.

Mess. He bid me say,
He will be here too morrow e're night, and then he'll
Give your Majesty a full account of all the War.

Uran. to her self.] And shall I see the God-like man to morrow?
Let me contain my self a little.

Endym. Madam! are you resolv'd still to persist in Cruelty?

Uran. Endymion forgive me. ————— *Aside.*
Sir, I acquainted you with my resolutions.

King. This Evening we will Celebrate the Victory,
And give the Gods our Thanks and Praises for't.

Exeunt all but Urania and Cleantha.

Uran. I am privately told by *Eudæne*, that her Father
Has discover'd your Highness's Love to the King,
And that the King has secretly resolv'd to banish

Endymion,

Cleantha.

The Royal Shepherdess.

Clean. O Gods ! banish *Endymion* : desire *Evadne* to come
To me.

Uran. I will _____ *Ex. Urania.*

Clean. Wretched *Cleantha* ! is thy Love a Crime,
A Crime to him thou lov'st ? must it beruine
To a person, if thou but affect'st him ?
Have I some Plague that I must thus destroy,
Whom I embrace ? or is my Destiny
Grown Paradoxical, and proves my Love
To be true Hatred ? —

O Death ! thou art not half so Cruel yet,
In thy destructions of the Prosp'rous,
As in not killing Wretches that would die.

Enter Endymion.

Endym. *Urania* does not well to treat me thus :
I took no leave of her, but I have told her
The reasons why my Love forbid it me,
Yet she persists in Cruelty.

Clean. He's here —
His Count'nance betokens grief.

Endym. To be thus angry and accuse me of
Slighting a poor deluded Maid
In spite of all my Vows of Love to her —
The Princess still is Gracious to me :
I had best intreat her to perswade my now
Provok'd *Urania* — She's here ;
But she's alone, I dare not interrupt her Thoughts.

Clean. Good morrow, my Lord.

Endym. Your pardon, Madam, if unthought of, I
Have rush'd on your Retirement.

Clean. Your Presence will better it.
'Pray what News from *Argos* ?

Endym. Madam, the Report was brought last night to Court
Had nothing in't of Truth : I found all quier,
But onely for the disturbance which we made
Our selves by our Arrival in the Night.

Clean.

The Royal Shepherdess.

41

Clean. I am glad my Lord your danger was no more.

Endym. You oblige me Madam to undergo
Much greater danger for your Highness then
This could have prov'd.

Clean. My Lord ! you have already
Serv'd me beyond what I can recompence.

Endym. Madam ! t'has been your Highness's pleasure still
To honour with two great respects the little
Merits of your mean Servant, who's advanc'd
When numbred in the lowest rank of those
That have been Fortunate to do you service.

Clean. You add still to my debts, my Lord, yet are
No way injurious, since you make me rich
In having such a Noble Creditor :
But pray, my Lord, tell me, (as one concern'd
Much in your Fortunes) what's the Cause
Your Lordship has not worn of late that rest
Upon your looks which heretofore appear'd.

Endym. Madam, it is for you to wear that rest who are
Plac'd in that upper Region where there is
No Wind, but a little Bark, i'th midst
Of a great Sea, subject to every Wave,
And every gust of Wind, can ne're pretend
To this blest 'State.

Clean. My Lord ; you have som griefs that are particular.

Endym. For my troubles, Madam,
Alas ; their objects would appear so small
To your great Eye, you'd think I did affront you
Shou'd I dare say them to you. Could the Lyon
In his Midnight-walks hear some poor Worms
Complain for want of little drops of dew,
What pity could that noble Creature have,
Who never wanted small things, for those poor
Ambitions : yet these are their concernments,
And but for want of these they pine and die.

Clean. I hope my Lord what is your Trouble may
Not be augmented by my knowing it,
Else I shall never think ought small that can

G

So

The Royal Shepherdess.

So much affect you, nor beneath my Cure
To seek to remedy what gives you pain.

Endym. Great Princess! you undo me with your Honours:
My blood turns all to blushes Madam;
I must obey your Highness's Commands,
And thank you for 'em too since in your knowledge
Of what afflicts me is my Remedy.

Clean. What will he tell me, Heav'n, he knows I love him. (*Aside.*)

Endym. Madam, I long have lov'd. ———

Clean. Lov'd whom?

Endym. The fair *Urania* who attends your Highness.

Clean. } Forgive me poor *Endymion* when I say

aside. } What I of all the World ought least to say:

Indeed, my Lord, I never could have guess'd ——— = ——— *To him.*

Your Melancholly had so mean a Cause:

I could not think you would so far dishonour

Your Family and Name to love

So low a person.

Endym. Madam! I well know

Grania was a Shepherdess, and born

In a low Cottage, 'mongst those little people

Whom honour seldom visits, but yet she,

Like to a Star mistaken of its Sphear,

Grew so conspicuous 'mongst those dimmer Lights,

That brave *Theander* had no sooner spy'd her,

But he became all Wonder, and thought her a fit

Present for your Highness, an Advancement

Few Families can boast of.

Clean. But her Birth is mean.

Endym. You cast your Eyes upon her from the height

Of birth, and Fortune too, and see her low:

Whilst that some other Princess born as high

But not under so happy Stars, may think

Her birth more Noble, 'cause more free, and less

Subject to Fate.

Clean. Wretched *Cleantha*! now *Endymion* says

Thou art unhappy — But

My Passion is now authoris'd, and I

The Royal Shepherdess.

43

Must speak : tell me, my Lord, and truly too,
Should I make it my Care to Chuse you a Mistress
Fair as *Urania*, and as vertuous too,
Extracted from a Family would give
Lustre to yours, although it were as mean
As hers you court now : Say, would you not leave
Urania who does seem to flight
All your Respects for her.

Endym. Should your Highness condescend to chuse
A Torment for me, it were Impudence
In me to chuse ought else : but that's all blest
Which is so like *Urania*.

Clean. So like to her ?
Her Birth is very low ; perhaps her Mind
As low as that.

Endym. Madam ! *Urania* may
Find thousands of more Merit than
The poor *Endymion*, who durst never measure
Himself but by the Passion he had for her.

Clean. Sure 'twas his Modesty, he might have thriven
Much better, possibly, had his Ambition
Been greater much — they oftimes take more pains
Who look for Pins, than those who look for stars.

Endym. Those who look for Stars, must be provided
With Arts and Glasses, and such costly things
As humble men must be content to want.

Clean. For Stars of greatest Magnitude you need
Onely to fix your Eyes, and they'l appear
By their own light, and all you have to do
Is to receive those beams they cast upon you.

Endym. } What can this mean ? — But, Madam, 'tis hard,
aside. } To fix our Eyes aright upon that part.
Of Heaven where those Stars inhabit, if
We have not some directions first.

Clean. Indeed, those, who look downwards, ought to be directed
To look above them, to the highest Sphear ;
(For there they are) then I am apt to think
Their task would not prove hard — my Lord, I blush

Thus to instruct you in Astronomy.

Endym. I am lost in wonder: ———— *Aside.*

Madam, 'tis not strange,
If I'm proud of what you blush at, but
I am sure your unbounded wit to morrow
Will with much greater reason quite deny it.

Clean. My Lord, you think no woman can be constant
To what she says a day, but your *Urania*:

But till you have try'd, pray have more Charity,
You'll after have more Faith: my Lord Farewell:

The Gods forgive my breach of Modesty ———— *Aside.*

Endym. What have I heard!

Was't not enough to lose my dear *Urania*,
Unless I also did adore the hand

That snatch'd her from me, *Cleantha* Loves *Endymion*

But Fool it cannot be; ne're may I know

Her Noble breast harbour a thought so low. ———— *Exit.*

The End of the Third Act.

THE FOURTH ACT.

Enter Neander.

NEAN. I Was (at least in my own conceit) in probability of winning the sweet *Evadne*; and now, that not onely her ugly Father, but the Queen too should forbid her to see me or speak to me; it is what I cannot, will not bear: Though Fate it self say, I shall do it, I am resolv'd that old grey Priest and his Mistress the Queen, shall be the subjects of my Revenge: and yet I am not ambitious to show my Valour so far, as to be hang'd for't neither — I think I ha't; If I can do this, 'twill be the sweetest part of my Revenge, to live, and tread, and spit upon their Graves: I have sent for *Geron*, a Rogue fit for my purpose, for he is Covetous to Extremity, and I have Gold to bribe him, and which is lucky

The Royal Shepherdess.

45

lucky above my Wishes, the Priest and Queen have check'd him lately, and countenanc'd his Wife against him, which torments him so, that I believe he would be glad to be hang'd on any terms.--- Here he is.

Enter Geron.

Ger. Consume him he's here —

Nean. Dear *Geron*, let him embrace thee that Perhaps is thy best Friend.

Ger. Perhaps, with a Curse to him — — — — — *Aside.*
No, my Lord, you are a Friend to my Wife.

Nean. *Geron*! give me your hand.

Ger. Wou'd I had your Heart's blood. — — — — — *Aside.*

Nean. Give me your Hand, *Geron*.

Ger. My Good Lord! you do me too much honour.

Nean. I beg your pardon heartily that I presum'd to Count'nance your ugly, impertinent, ill-natur'd, vain Wife against you, you that are so worthy an honest Knight; It was Ignorance of her, and you made me do it. I protest it was.

Ger. What the Devil does he mean by this? — — — — — *Aside.*

Nean. Upon my Honour *Geron* it was; had I not been a stranger to her ill Qualities.

Ger. I am afraid you know 'em too well. — — — — — *Aside.*

Nean. I should never have encourag'd her in her Insolence to you.

Ger. What does all this tend to? — — — — — *Aside.*

Nean. For I am well satisfy'd, a Man, especially an old Man that has had experience of the vanity of the World, ought to have an absolute Dominion over his Wife.

Ger. My Lord, this is a Truth! I would you had acknowledg'd sooner; for my abominable Wife, instead of being humbled, is encourag'd by the Court.

Nean. I know though too late now, your Wife is froward, Foolish, petulant, wanton, proud, expensive, disobedient, Ungrateful. —

Ger. 'Tis too true; but a Plague on him, I am afraid he has

Made

Made shift with her with all these faults — my good Lord. —

Nean. What sayes my dear Friend, give me leave to call you so:
[*Aside.*] whom I would not give two Drachma's to save from a
Gibbet.

Ger. I would fain be satisfy'd of one scruple.

Nean. Speak it.

Ger. I beseech your Lordship be not angry. —

Nean. My dear *Geron* I cannot be with thee.

Ger. My Lord! were you never a little familiar or so with —

Nean. Whom?

Ger. My Wife, my Lord in private; I mean in a Civil way.

Nean. I am not to interpret your meaning, but upon my Honour
I was never alone with her in my life, nor ever will be if I can avoid
it. —

Ger. Is your Lordship in earnest?

Nean. Upon my Honour *Geron*.

Ger. Honour, that's a word for some, who call themselves men of
Honour to borrow money with; It is a tenure they Mortgage, as often
as they do their Lands, and forfeit the Mortgage too; and yet they
would have both their Honours and Estates pass for Security, as if
there were no incumbrance upon either.

Nean. Do'st thou distrust me Friend? I could never indure her,
she's so ugly. so abominably ugly.

Ger. So ugly my Lord, I did not think you would have abus'd
my Wife thus; so ugly, I'd have your Lordship know there is not
her fellow in the Court. — 'Pox on her she's but too handsome for
me.

Nean. Nay, 'prethee, *Geron*, be not offended; my Nature is
so just to all my Friends, that their Wives, though ne'e so beau-
tiful appear to me deform'd; and if thou doubtest my Friendship,
make tryal of me, let me know how I can serve thee.

Ger. I humbly thank your Lordship. — Sure he must be in
earnest; but I'll try: — My Lord, you have an Interest here,
the Queen and Priest have given me so severe Rebukes about my
damnable Wife, that they have encourag'd her to be ten times more
troublesome and insolent than ever, my life is now become a Tor-
ment to me.

Nean. And wilt thou tamely put up this Injury?

Ger.

Ger. I would it were in my power to help it.

Nean. It is man ———

Ger. What sayes your Lordship.

Nean. It shall be, and I'll joyn with thee in the Revenge.

Ger. Now do I hope he'll plot som Treason, that I may accuse him, and beg his Estate for't.

Nean. I will propound to him, but if I see him waver in the buis'ness, I'll make the first accusation, and hang him for't. *Geron*, in short, I am not injur'd less then you; the Queen and Priest have crost me in my Love, and kept the fair *Evadne* from my Embraces, the onely thing I hop'd for pleasure in.

Ger. My Lord I know the story.

Nean. If you will joyn with me and help me to Effect my Revenge, you will not onely be reveng'd your self, but I will give you twenty Talents to boot.

Ger. Twenty Talents: a delicious Sum, how I could embrace 'em.

Nean. We may contrive some way to make the King jealous of the Priest and Queen, thou know'st the Queen extreemly favours that old Priest.

Ger. 'Tis for his Piety she esteems him so.

Nean. Piety! hang him! ——— but however we may design it so; that that piety may look like Treason.

Ger. As how, my Lord?

Nean. Let us contrive some private meeting for them in yonder Grotto that may look suspiciously, then bring the King to see it; joyn with me, and thou shalt have the Talents, man.

Ger. I am very fearful; but twenty Talents! — a Revenge To boot—ha! — I'll venture it.

Nean. Have courage man ——— (Aside;
Which Heaven knows is a thing I neither have, nor desire to have.

Ger. Your Lordship has prevail'd, and now I'll put you in a way: As I was watching my Wives haunts, I overheard the Queen and *Endymion*, saying, that the King had forc'd *Urania* to appoint a private meeting with him in the Grotto, and the Queen resolv'd to supply her place, to keep the King from his intended Crime.

Nean. What then?

Ger. We may feign a Tale to the Queen, that the King has this Night

Night resum'd his desires, and that *Urania* has promis'd it in earnest.

Nean. But *Urania* will contradict that —

Ger. No; she ask'd the Princess liberty to leave the Court a day or two for some private business or other; and is now absent.

Nean. Excellent *Geron*! but how shall we carry this story?

Ger. My Wife; who shall still be ignorant of the matter.

Nean. Admirably invented: thou shalt have the Talents; besides if thy Wife should discover thee or me, if she be question'd, we'll face her down in't and she shall hang for't.

Ger. That Argument prevails with me more then the Talents: whether she betrays us or no, we'll do that my Lord.

Nean. With all my heart, Excellent *Geron*: for the Priest, thou shalt go to him, and subtilly perswade him that the Queen has made an appointment to meet me in the Grotto, and that I to avoid suspicion am to be in Womans Cloaths.

Ger. My Lord, he'll ne're believe it.

Nean. Do thou confirm it by ten thousand Oaths.

Ger. That will be dang'rous.

Nean. Not at all: But think on the Talents, and the death of thy Wife man: Thou maist perswade the Priest to meet her to prevent it in a Womans loose habit, and then bring the King to see them.

Ger. But the Priest will soon undeceive the King.

Nean. No, no, fear not that, the King will be so inrag'd: 'tis ten to one he kills 'em both without Examination; if not, you and I, who will be the first Accusers will swear 'em both down in't; think upon Revenge and Profit.

Ger. My Lord—I'll do't about the time of this Evening Sacrifice for the Victory of *Theander*.

Enter Endymion with a Guard.

Ger. What means this?

Nean. O *Endymion's* banish'd.

And this Guard is to convey him out of the Kings Dominions; let him be hang'd and He will, — let us about our business ———

Ex. Geron and Nean.

Endym. May I not see the Princess for Whom I am banish'd before I go?

offic.

The Royal Shepherdess.

49

Officer. No, no, along Sir.

1. *Sould.* Pray Sir, go a little faster.

2. *Sould.* Prethee, let the Gentleman alone, soft
And fair goes far, and the Gentleman
Considers he has far to go.

Endym. Farewell than brave *Cleantha*, may'st thou never
Once think *Endymion* suffers for thy sake:
And farewell dear *Urania*, I will love thee
On those hard Rocks I now must dwell upon.

Officer. What's this muttering? Along Sir.

2. *Sould.* Good Gentleman! he's loath to leave the Princess
I warrant him. *Enter Cleantha.*

1. *Sould.* Here she comes.

Endym. The Princess! — Great Princess pardon
My glorious sufferings; forgive me that [*Kneels.*
I ever saw the Light, or liv'd a Minute:
That you are injur'd thus by him whose being
Is not worth your meanest thought.

Clean. Ah, my Lord, affront me not:
Rise brave *Endymion*! 'Tis my misfortune:
Thou art too low already.

Endym. Fortune made me low to be advanc'd by a hand
More Worthy than her own. (*Rises.*

Clean. My Noble Lord!

I have undone you! what can I give you now
In recompence of Liberty, and all
The pleasures you must loose
In a sad banishment, for her who onely
Can be afflicted at your sufferings.

Endym. Madam, you have Enough to give to pay
So mean a debt, if you will call it one
A thousand times.

Clean. Name it, and take it, dear
Endymion, though it be my life.

Endy. Madam!

Then grant me this request: use every art
To make your Hours as blest as I shall pray
They may be many; and never let a Thought

H

Etc

The Royal Shepherdess.

E're represent to your Remembrance more
 Unfortunate *Endymion*: Then shall I be
 Among the desolations of my Fortune
 Happy, to think the brave *Cleantha's* happy,
 And wears a Crown, and lives ador'd: what then
 Tho' I live in an obscure banishment.

Offic. Sir, this is what was forbidden us to permit you;
 You must away Sir. — — — — — *Takes him by the Arm.*

Clean. Impudent Villain, dar'st thou interrupt a person I am
 talking with.

Offic. Yes, Madam, when I have the Kings Commands to do it.

Endym. Madam; these persons do their duty, they are the
 Hands of Fate, that pull me from you — Sacred Princess
 All that is bliss attend you. — — — — — *He kneells to kiss her hand.*

Clean. My Lord! Farewell;
 Take this Ring and remember me:
 Know that *Cleantha* loves you and will never
 Be happy till *Endymion* makes her so.

Endym. I cannot doubt but Heaven will prosper what
 Is so like it self: Blest Princess take my Prayers,
 Heav'n thinks not fit to entrust me with ought else.

Clean. Farewell, and with thee all my happiness!

Offic. Come, Sir, when will you go?

Endym. Thus Fate directs me, what I now must do,
 To serve my Shepherdess, and Princess too.

Endymion falls; but to the first he dies
 A Lover, to the last, a Sacrifice. — — — — — *-Ex. Endym. with Guards.*

Clean. Heaven! Heaven! Where was thy mercy then,
 When thou mad'st Life so great a pain, and Death
 A Sin? Did'st thou Create great Souls but to
 Affront them with thy greater Power?
 If by my power

With the King I cannot get him recall'd,
 I am resolv'd privately to follow him; and spend
 My dayes with him that has my heart.

Enter Phronesia.

Phro. Madam! why does your Highness thus submit to grief,

Clean. Have I not reason for't?

Phro.

The Royal Shepherdess.

51

Phro. Madams Your Highness shou'd study to forget *Endymion* now.

Clean. Forget him (foolish Woman) I sooner shall
Forget that I have Eyes, forget I have
A Memory! Shall brave *Endymion* live
In banishment for me, and I forget him:
Sure thou would'st mind me of him, if I shou'd.

Phro. Well, Madam, I wish your Highness does not
Remember him too much; I am glad you are
Alive yet for my part.

Clean. Indeed I speak, and do the offices of life,
But say *Phronesia*,
Did'st never see a Tree cut down i'th Spring
A while put forth his Buds and Leaves, as if
He'd been alive untill that sap was spent
Which he had suck'd from his life-giving Root,
And then he wither'd.

Enter King and Queen.

King. How do you Niece?

Queen. We are come to visit you in the absence of your Lover.

Clean. Your Majesties do always do me Honour.

Queen. Indeed you ought to thank those who do you honour,
When you forget to do it your self.

King. *Cleantha*! you are too wise, I hope, to be
Afflicted at *Endymion's* banishment.

Clean. Sir! what so e're my Troubles are, as they
Are my own, so I shall endeavour not
To make 'em any others.

King. You ought to look to the Justice of
The Action, and be satisfy'd.

Clean. Indeed there's little Mercy in't; if that be
Most Just, that is most Cruel, this is so.

King. The action I have done is just: I thought it so,
And I have done it, and you must be patient.

Clean. Your Majesty may please to know, that I shall
Have that regard to my self, as not to suffer

H 2

My

The Royal Shepherdes.

My impatience to be troublesome to others.

King. You grieve for *Endymion*, when all *Arcadia* Rejoices at the Victory of *Theander*, which this Evening we shall Celebrate With Sacrifices, and with other Rites, for whom We will prepare a publick Triumph: Compose your self, and let not others see Your shame.

Clean. My Shame they ne're Shall see; Call it my Glory, so it is:

(*Aside.*)

Enter Pyrrhus.

Pyrr. Sir, the Sacrifice is ready for the Altar, and the Priests wait your Royal presence For the Execution.

King. Niece! think on what I've said, and follow us.

[*Ex. King and Pyrr.*]

Qu. Come, dear *Cleantha*, prithee be not sad, The Prince of *Macedon* will be fitter for Your noble Blood which is deriv'd from Kings.

Clean. And some other will be fitter for him Then I, unless he likes a broken heart. Besides the Prince is Contracted already to The Queen of *Thrace's* eldest Daughter.

Qu. She is long since dead.

Clean. Who can tell that, Madam; I am apt to believe If she had her Kingdom yet the Prince would find Her out.

Enter Phronesia.

Qu. What News with you?

Phro. News that does import your Majesty. — — — — *Whisper.*

Enter Geron.

Ger. Madam! the Queen and your Highness are expected at the Temple; this will be a night of Joy.

Clean. That brings me nought but sorrow; the name of joy Is odious to me, since *Endymion's* gone.

Qu.

The Royal Shepherdess.

53

Qu. Art thou sure of this *Phronesia*?

Phro. Yes, Madam, doubt it not.

Qu. The Gods amend all once more, I'll prevent it:
But first I'll to the Temple; Come *Cleantha*.

Ger. What have you told the Queen
What I enjoy'd you?

Phro. I have, and she is resolv'd to Circumvent him: Come to
the Temple, haste. ————— *Ex. Phron.*

Ger. Thus far it goes well; I have with many Oaths and Prote-
stations confirm'd the Priest in the belief that *Neander* in Womans
Cloaths is this night to meet the Queen: it takes admirably ———
The Talents are my own, and this wife of mine is dead already.

The Scene changes to the Temple.

After the Sacrifice, there is a Consort of Martial Musick, and
two or three of the *Salii* or Priests of *Mars* sing as follows.

1.

ALL Praises to the God of War,
Who in our Battels gives Success,
By whom we now Victorious are,
Who does not onely us with Conquests bless,
But 'tis his Pow'r that gives us Peace.
Arcadia now may safely that enjoy,
Thessalians cannot that destroy:
For brave Theander has our Foes oppress,
And by his Noble Toyls procur'd our Rest.

2.

In vain they did their Heedless Force oppose,
Against such Courage, and such Conduct too,
Such as requir'd more strong and numerous Foes:
Fit for his Noble fury to subdue.
Oh how he thunder'd in the Van,
Godlike he threaten'd, and did more than man:

Hic

The Royal Shepherdess.

His glorious Rage did then impart
 A Flame into the coldest heart;
 All by his great Example did appear,
 To slight their Dangers, and disclaim their Fear.
 He ought to none his Lawrel to submit,
 But to our Patron Mars the Cause of it.

3.

Now the Armies meet, and vigorously engage,
 (Each man reeking with Sweat, with Blood besmear'd)
 The boist'rous Seas in all their Wildest rage
 Were ne're so rough as then that Field appear'd.
 The Clangor of the Trumpets sounds,
 The roaring Drums thunder aloud;
 Some howl with anguish of their Wounds
 Whilst others hollow in the Crowd.
 A Cloud of Arrows Flies, Spears, Favelings break,
 Horses by neighing do their Courage speak;
 The Clattering Swords against the Shields rebound,
 And all this Noise the Echoing Hills resound.

4.

This dreadful Valley over-flows with blood,
 Streaming from Fountains of fresh bleeding veins,
 Horses with Humane-gore make up the Flood,
 And undistinguish'd with their Purple stains,
 Besmear the Valley every where
 While brave Theander void of fear,
 So generously fought,
 That he at length the rash Thessalians taught
 That all resistance was but vain,
 And could of him nothing obtain,
 But serv'd but to prolong their pain.
 Then they themselves and useless Weapons yield,
 With all the Spoils and Trophies of the Field.

Cho.

The Royal Shepherdes.

55

Cho. { Thus brave Theander has our Foes oppress,
And by his Noble Toyls procur'd our Rest.

Martiall Dance.

King. 'Tis very well ! Come, Madam.

Qu. Sir, I must have some few Minutes discourse with
This good Priest, and then I'll wait on you.

King. Haste then, do not defer your joy ; I'm sure
It cannot trouble you to see this Night dedicated
To your belov'd *Theander*.

Qu. My joy is rather too intemperate : { Exit. King, manent
Poor Prince, little dost thou think I am { Queen and Priest.
Acquainted with thy Guilt, and thy too great
Unkindness ! O holy Father ! this night the King
Afresh has kindled his foul Lust, he has
Once more tempted *Urania*, and I hear
She is seduc'd in earnest, and this day has seem'd
To leave the Court on purpose to avoid
Suspition.

Priest. Ye Gods that I should ever live to see
The Queen that was so spotless in her Honour
Perverted thus : what Fury or Devil does this ?

Qu. Sir, 'Pray give me your wife Council as you
Still have done.

Priest. What an abject thing dissimulation is : below
One of her birth to suffer, much less use.

Qu. Father ! what say you ?

Priest. I know too well already what she'll do ——— *Aside.*
I'll try her. ——— Madam, do as you did before ;
And though you cannot cure this feavourish Love,
Anticipate all further Crimes.

Qu. I did resolve to do it.

Priest. I knew that but too well already ; the
Gods forgive you : with *Theander* too the
Vainest Trifle of the Court : how am I afflicted !

Q. Well Sir, I'll away, and strive to hide my resentment,
The better to carry on my design.

Priest.

The Royal Shepherdess.

Priest. Heaven bleſs you Madam. ——— *to her* ——— *Exit. Queen.*
To him- } And make you ſee your Crime
(ſelf.) } In it's own horrid ſhape e're you attempt it,
 And yet ſhe bears it with ſo much aſſurance
 I could believe her Innocent, yet why
 Should *Geron* dare to invoke all the Gods
 To teſtifie it; if it be falſe, what can
 Provoke him to this Villany? If true,
 She never will acknowledge it to me
 What ere it be; 'tis worth my venturing
 To be undeceiv'd. ——— ——— ——— ——— ——— *Ex.*

The Third SCENE.

Enter King, Geron and Pyrrhus.

King. Is't poſſible? my Queen an Adultreſs?
 It cannot be: Be ſure Sir, if you accuſe her
 Falſly, ye ſhall not onely die, but
 Linger out a wretched life in Torments.

Ger. Sir! if I lye, let me have what death
 The witty'ſt Cruelty can invent.

Pyrr. I am amaz'd! the Queen and *Priest*
 In Womans Cloathes? ſtrange Circumſtance
 To meet in the Grotto, this Night? Sure 'tis
 Impoſſible.

Ger. Sir, I am content to dye fort, if you ſee not your
 ſelf all this to Night.

King. In the mean time, you'l be content to be ſecur'd?

Ger. Sir with all my heart.

King. Guard! take *Geron*, and ſecure him till further order.

Enter Guard, and ſeizes him.

Pyrr. Sir! this dreadful news amazes me!

King. Ah *Pyrrhus*? in this very Grotto
 I met *Urania*, and forgot the Queen,
 Tho' then I thought her faithful.
 And as free from any Carnal thoughts
 As are departed Souls in th' other world.

Pyrr.

Pyrr. The Gods grant this meeting prove no worse
Than that did.

King. O Heav'n! methinks I see 'em already in their Lust, yet
sure it cannot be; if I find this Accusation false, it had been better
for this fellow he never had been born.

Pyrr. Sir, you may yet prevent it.

King. I may for this time, but I will not harbour
That Devil Jealousie within my breast
For all this World can give me: I am resolv'd
To see the certainty my self; and if
It prove untrue, my Queen shall live with freedom,
As she has ever done, in all my Thoughts,
And her Accuser fall her Sacrifice:
But if she can forget her former Vertue,
I can take as much pleasure to see her blood
Drop from the fatal Sword, as e're I did
To see it blushing on her Cheek, when first
I thought her modest.

Look! where they come ———— *Enter Queen and Priest.*
Let us withdraw; it may be we shall
Discover something.

Priest. And nothing is more Common
Then this, which is not thought a sin, because
It seems an Impulse of Nature.

King. Hear'st thou *Pyrrhus*? I am distracted!

Qu. The King.

Priest. All happiness attend your Majesty.

King. I must contain! how do you Madam?

Qu. Always happy whilst your Majesty is so.

King. And what are you discoursing of?

Qu. Nothing! but good with this good person sure.

King. What's that you talk of which is not Sin
Because an impulse of Nature? ————

Qu. What do you mean Sir?

Priest. I know not how we came by Chance to speak
How little wantonness is thought a sin
Because it seemeth an Impulse of Nature.
Whereas the Vertuous still fix their Eyes

On the Command, not the Temptation,
And think't enough, if what Heaven gives as Law
Be Possible, although not Natural.

Aside.) I would I had had no cause to have said it to her.

King. 'Tis well put off—I shall never hold ——— *Aside.*
To hear this Hypocrite—I must leave you. ———

Qu. I'll wait upon your Majesty! if it may not be a trouble.

King. To you it may be. ——— *Ex. King.*

Qu. I see he's unwilling to disappoint *Urania*. ——— *Ex. Queen.*

Priest. No, she's rather unwilling to disappoint *Neander*—well,
for all her cunning, I'll prevent her, my Lord, Farewell. — *Ex. Priest.*

Pyrr. If I dar'd to disobey my Prince, I could prevent
This Tragedy, but what Kings
Please to Command requires obedience, not
Examination: when they once have judg'd,
'Tis want of Judgement if we dare judge too. ———

Enter King.

King. Pyrrhus! I had forgot one thing, thou
Know'st the Prince is expected here to morrow,
And I believe he'll be here early too: It will
Be necessary his coming be retarded,
Till the business be done, that I may know
With what face to receive him, after
All the glorious Actions he has done, I
Would not for a World he should arrive
Before the Examination be over.

Pyrr. It will be an unhappy entertainment for his Highness:
Would your Majesty have me go myself?

King. If thou canst handsomely do it, and be back early in the
Morning; it is but riding all Night; in the Morning I shall want
you.

Pyrr. I shall do it with much Ease, if it be your Majesties pleasure.

King. I leave you to frame an Excuse to the Prince.

Pyrr. I'll go Immediately; I hope I shall meet better news to
morrow. ——— *Ex.*

King. I fear it:

Thus

Thus we with them in plotting do consent;
But they plot Crimes, and we plot Punishment:
And little think they in how small a time,
Poor Fools, my Justice shall o'take their Crime:
Men were too happy if they understood
There is no safety but in being Good. ————— *Ex.*

The End of the Fourth Act.

THE FIFTH ACT.

Enter Basilius Rex.

King. **U**Nfortunate *Basilius*! yet durst I judge
Those happy Essences that dwell in light;
And cannot err: I should be apt to say
My Punishment exceeds my Crime: for that
Went never further then th' intention, and *(Enter Pyrrhus.*
My suff'rance is real — *Pyrrhus* undone!
My Eyes are witnesses; I saw them both
Enter the Grotto.

Pyrr. The Priest in Womans Cloaths!

King. All's true; The Queen has been already
Examin'd by the Councel; all she sayes
Is that she's Innocent; but will not say
The Cause which mov'd her to an action so
Suspected, tho' she dye for't: But such, *Pyrrhus*,
Are never Innocent, who are asham'd
To vindicate their deeds, when their Lives
Are at Stake.

Pyrr. Your Majesty was not present?

King. No, I leave them totally to Justice, I shall
Make the Law their Judge.

Pyrr. But Sir! what sayes the Priest?

King. I now expect to hear th' Examination,

The Royal Shepherdess.

It has been very long, two hours at least:
It's bad enough for certain: here it comes!
My Lord, you have been long; but I expect
No good; and therefore care not if you had
Been longer.

{ Enter a Lord of
the Council.

Lord. Sir, before I can satisfy your Expectations,
I must humbly pray you will be pleas'd to pardon
The intreating your Answer to a Question
On which all we have done depends.

King. What's that?

Lord. I may seem too insolent: but the whole Truth
Of all the Examination does depend
Upon't; that is, Whether your Majesty
Did not one night Command a little Lady,
That waits on the Princess, one *Urania*,
To attend you in that Grotto, where
The Queen and Priest were seiz'd on.

King. I did.

Lord. And she was there?

King. She was.

Lord. Is your Majesty assur'd it was she, or might it be the
Queen?

King. Ha!—her Whispers were like the Queens: *Pyrrhus*
knows I told him so.

Lord. Be happy then great Prince;
Your Queen is Innocent; your Priest is holy,
And *Geron* and *Neander* onely are
The Criminals.

King. Are you assur'd of this?

Lord. Yes Sir; it was the Hellish contrivance of
Geron and *Neander* brought them both together.

King. Why did not the Queen reveal this?

Lord. She rather would have dy'd then have disclos'd
Your Summons to *Urania*, which with your Majesties
Pardon, she's pleas'd to call your dishonour.

King. My Lord it was; but pray relieve my Wonder
And tell me the whole Story.

Lord. Sir, in this Confession of *Geron* and *Neander*, and *Phro-*
nesia,

The Royal Shepherdes.

61

nessa, which we, (having found them Tripping in some part of the Story) by threatening Tortures, have extorted from 'em: Your Majesty may fully read the Story of the Innocence of the Queen and Priest, and of the guilt of these Barbarous Wretches.

King. Blest' Heaven! how are thy wayes just like thy Orbes,
Involv'd within each other: yet still we find
Thy Judgements are like Comets that do blaze,
And fright, but discomwithall, whilst all thy Mercies
Are like the Stars which oftentimes are obscur'd,
But still remain the same behind the Clouds.

Pyrr. May all your Doubts and Fears thus terminate.

Lord. Thus are you shaken to be more confirm'd.

King. Send for *Urania*, *Pyrrhus*! she shall wear
This day the just rewards of Virtue; I
Will visit my brave Queen, who rather chose
To die unjustly as a Criminal
Then I should justly be so term'd,
For which I will proclaim my Fault since she
Will have the Glory of concealing it.

Enter Evadne.

Evad. The King seems pleas'd, as he has reason.

King. My Lord! let the Councel remove
Into the Hall, where before all the Court
I'll bring my Queen in Triumph there to hear
Her base Accusers sentenc'd. ——— ——— ——— *Ex. all but Evadne.*

Evad. I was told I should find *Cleantha* here ———
Why did I beg to leave my Cell?
(Where I did never injure any one)
To see this place, and in so little time
To do more mischief than whole Generations
Can parallel? how much
Had it been better I had ever dwelt
In those Retirements, where small Sins seem great,
And great Devotions small, then to be here
Where the blood of Queens and Priests had like
To have been sacrific'd to the Malice of
Wicked men? (had not the Gods taken the Cause

Into

The Royal Shepherdess.

Into their hands.) — Madam, the
Queen Commanded me to wait on your
Highness, with the good news of her Innocence
Being fully clear'd

(*Enter Cleantha.*)

Clean. I did expect no less: the Gods had been
Unjust t' have left such Vertue in distress,
They had injur'd too themselves, as well as her:
For should such Innocence as hers not be
Protected: their Altars would be empty,
'Tis Justice makes 'em Deities. I should be
O'rejoy'd at this: if any thing could make
Me so, when my *Endymion* mourns.

Evad. Madam, I beseech you moderate your Grief,
At least conceal it in this time of joy;
The Queen desires your company too: your Highness
Therefore will do well to hide your Passion.

Clean. As well may Flames of greatest Cities be
Conceal'd from neighbouring Villages, as I
Can hide my Love and Grief: but I will wait
Upon her Majesty: she knows my Afflictions
But too well already.

————— *Exeunt.*

*Enter at the other door Marshall with a Guard, and Neander,
Geron, and Phronesia.*

Marsh. Come away, make haste, is it fit the King and Councel
should stay for you, or you for them?

Neand. They may let my business alone if they please: I am not
in such haste to have it dispatch'd.

Ger. Well! I shall be hang'd: but I hope you shall be hang'd
with me, my damn'd Wife.

Phro. No, you old Rascal, I am with Child you Villain, all the
Court knows that well enough; I shall be spar'd, for I have an in-
terest among them.

Ger. Ay, to much! 'tis that has brought me to this.

Marsh. Come on; or I'll make you come on: what are you
muttering there? my Lord come on,

Neand.

The Royal Shepherdess.

63

Nean. Well, well ! Lord you are so chollerick, you won't give a man leave to say his Prayr's a little that never did before.

Marsh. Come on. ————— *Exeunt.*

Enter Lords of the Council, and seat themselves, a Guard of Soldiers with Neander, Geron and Phronefia, conducting them to the Bar, then the King leading his Queen Crown'd, With a Royal Robe on her, after them the Priest, Cleantha and Attendants.

*Thus from the Prison to the Throne
Virtue comes to claim her own,
And now appears
Upon the Throne a Star,
Who lately at the Bar
Stood with no other Jewels but her Tears,
Great Queen,
Great Queen,
Who ever was so well content
To suffer, and be Innocent,
To suffer, and be Innocent.*

Enter a Gentleman leading Urania.

King. The fair *Urania*, Madam I must this day
Do honour to this Virgin; and since it is
To Noble Natures a more pleasing task
To give Rewards to Vertue, then Punishments
To Vice : I'll in the first place shew
How lovely Justice looks when we are good,
And onely Sin makes her seem Terrible.
Urania ! come near.

Gent. Ah great King !
Urania's place I fear will be nearer
The Bar, than the Throne.

Clean.

Clean. How's this?

King. What mean'st thou?

Gent. See Sir, see,

Those Cheeks that lately Beauty wore, now pale
With guilt.

King. Her Crime!

Gent. She is with Child.

Clean. It is impossible; she cannot dissemble so much Vertue,
Ile engage my Life she's Innocent.

King. How know you this?

Gent. Sir, being sent in haste by my Lord *Pyrrhus*,
To bring her to your Majesty, by chance
I learn'd of one o'th' Servants of the Princess
Near to what place he thought she was:
I made Enquiry there, at a small house
I was acquainted at; The Woman told me,
She thought she I enquir'd for was in the house:
And asking of me many Circumstances,
She told me it was surely she: but told me too,
As a great Secret, That she was with Child,
But that she said she was Marry'd;
As did her Mother who this morning left her.
At this I went to *Urania*, who confes't it,
But would not tell me who her Husband was,
And was very loth to come with me, though
I told her, your Majesty had sent for her.

King. And is this truth *Urania*?

1. Lord. Speak to the King.

Uran. 'Tis true.

King. And who's your Husband?

Lord. Be not asham'd to name your Husband, Madam,
'Twill be your shame if you name none.

Uran. I am not asham'd to name him, but affraid—

King. Who is't, speak?

Uran. I dare not disobey, and by my Lord
Am authoriz'd to name him, when
My Honour shall be question'd, who's more tender
Of that, than of his own.

1. Lord.

The Royal Shepherdess.

65

I. Lord. Name him!

Uran. It is the Great *Theander*.

Qu. The Prince!

King. What are you marry'd to the Prince!
Marry'd to *Theander* : ————— *Rises in a Fury.*

Uran. O pardon me, Great King,
That I refus'd not to be taken from
A Cottage, to the bosome of a Prince,
On such Conditions as we dar'd to call
The Gods to Witness.

King. Whether she be his Wife,
Or onely dares affirm it, though she were
More to me then my Eyes, she should
Die e're I sleep.

Clean. Upon my Knees I beg,
Great Sir, you will recall this hasty Sentence;
It is the Princes fault, not hers.

King. I will hear.
No Intercessions — by the Honour of a King,
I swear it, — The Prince in some few hours
Will be in Town; — if what she sayes be false,
This news shall be his welcome: but if true,
'Tis fit his coming be too late to save her.

Uran. Ah, Great Prince, pity the distress'd who has
No friend to plead her Cause; all I affirm
Is truth; *Theander* is my Witness, see { *Takes a Letter out*
That Noble Name; this I receiv'd from him } *of her bosome.*
Not three dayes since.

King reads it and gives it to the Queen.

King. 'Tis so; but know *Urania*!
My Crown would prove too heavy for your off-spring,
Fit onely for Cottages; it will behove you to
Prepare for death this day within Two hours.

Qu. Sir hold!

Clean. I beseech your Majesty —

King. I charge you on your Loyalty to hold;
I swear again this day within two hours
Ile see her head off: Marshall take her hence,

K

Let

Let all things be prepar'd.

Uran. Is there no Mercy then? Heav'n help me!
Nothing lies heavy on me but the thoughts of
Parting with *Theander*.

Clean. Poor *Urania*! I'll follow, and speak some comfort
To her to prepare her for her Death.

King. My Lords, had not this Accident befalln me
I had been too blest: Wife Heav'n does see't as fit
In all our Joyes, to give us some allayes,
As in our sorrows Comforts: when our Sayls
Are fill'd with happy'st Winds, then we need most
Some heaviness to ballast us: I am afflicted
For poor *Urania*; — but the Gods have sure
Rewards in death for those who fall, not for
Their Crimes, but through a kind of sad necessity:
Bring in the rest of the Pris'ners.

1. *Lord.* This Sentence on *Urania* is severe.

2. *Lord.* But Just; For by our Law, whoever marries the Heir
to the Crown, without the Consent of King and Councel, is to
suffer death.

Enter Marshall, with Geron, Neander, and Phronesia.

King. I am to proceed now to a far more willing Task:
The sentencing of those most wicked persons at the Bar.

Nean. Sir! for Heavens sake, mercy, mercy, I beg it on my
Knees! O spare my life.

1. *Lord.* Silence.

Nean. Upon my Honour Sir. —

King. So great a Villain, and talk of Honour.

Nean. O spare me! I am not fit to die! mercy, mercy —

King. You'r more unfit to live; I do adjudge you —

Nean. Hold, hold, great Sir!

2. *Lord.* Stop his Mouth, till the Sentence be past.

King. *Neander* I condemn to lose his Head to morrow, which
I will have plac'd over his Lodgings. Take him away.

Nean. Oh! that ever I was born to see this day! — oh, oh, —

(*Ex. Marsh. and Neander.*)

Ger.

The Royal Shepherdess.

Ger. Must I be cut off in the Flower of my Age! mercy,
Mercy Sir, I was provok'd by my Lord Neander. { Marshall
returns

King. Peace Hell-hound! I do adjudge *Geron* to be hang'd, then cut in pieces to morrow, and to be cast among Dogs to be devour'd.

1. *Lord.* Take him hence.

Ger. Oh, oh! yet if that Strumpet be condemn'd too,
'Twill be some comfort to me. ————— *Ex. Marsh. with Geron.*

Phro. What will become of me?

King. For Phronesia !

Phro. O Sir! I am with Child, I am with Child; I beseech you Sir, kill not that within me, make me not Miscarry.

2 *Lord.* Woman be silent.

Phro. A Woman, and be silent, it is impossible, I must speak; I cannot die, I must not die, I cannot indure it.

King. You shall not die, but suffer perpetual Banishment; what she did was by Command from her Husband.

Phro. 'Thank your Majesty ! I am glad to live, if it were for Nothing but to see my Husband die.

King. Thus now I hope to expiate the thoughts
I've had of my Chaste Queen, and holy Priest,
Through these mens Wickedness; and teach the world
That such who dare be Traytors to their King,
Do on themselves the certain'st ruine bring.

Qu. I pity those poor Wretches!

King. Come, Madam ;
I must now go to see that done which will
Be much the saddest sight I ever saw,
But the Prince will be so suddenly in Town,
I must see it dispatch'd forthwith, ———— ———— *Exeunt omnes*

Enter Neander, Geron, and Phronesia in Prison.

Neem. My Head cut off ? I have not patience to think on't !
Oh Miserable, wretched man ! oh my head !

Phro. Your Lordship will not look so gracefully without a Head though it be none of the best.

Nean. Peace, wicked Woman !

Ger. O vile Woman ! 'tis you that have brought me to this ! must I be cut in pieces ?

Phro. Truly loving Husband you must, and be given to Doggs too, but they'll have but ill Commons of you ; you will be mighty tough ; besides you have so many diseases, that if you were divided into as many pieces as there are hairs in your Beard, each Morsel would own a several Malady : for my part I would not advise any Dog that I have a kindness for to taste of you, for fear of endangering his health.

Ger. O thou abominable filthy Hag, if thou wert to be serv'd so first, it would not trouble me.

Phro. O Sir, you would have drawn me in, but I shall live to tread upon your Grave ! you know it were ill manners for me to be hang'd before my Husband ! but how does your Lordship ? will you have some Greek-wine to comfort your cold stomach, you'll die with the fear on't else before to morrow morning ; but I beseech you, my Lord, do not forget, if you do live till then, to have a Nose-gay, and a pair of white Gloves, with clean Linnen too, for the Execution ! Men of quality are always very cleanly when they go to be hang'd.

Nean. O ! what will become of me ? I shall never be able to endure it. Oh ! you old cowardly Sot ! this comes of your confessing ; Rogue.

Ger. This may thank your villanous design, with a Curse to you, I was onely drawn in.

Nean. You deserve to be hang'd Rascal, and will be so.

Ger. 'Twill be some comfort to me to have a Lord suffer with me, but 'twould be more honour to me, if that Lord were a wiser man.

Nean. O ! you old Dog ! that I could come at you.

Ger. That I could poyson you with my breath, but that 'twould put you out of your pain, which is your immoderate fear.

Enter Priest.

Priest. Peace be here !

Phro. You come as seasonably as can be, for the Traytors are at Civil War.

Priest.

The Royal Shepherdess.

69

Priest. Away, woman, and interrupt 'em not.

Phro. I will not take my leave on you, for I intend to see my dear Husband again, at least before you be cut into Messes, Farewell.

Ex. Phron.

Priest. I am now come to speak to you as dying men.

Nean. Ay, ay, you old Rascal *Geron*, whom may that thank?

Ger. A villanous Lord that corrupted a poor innocent man as I was: a Curse on him for drawing me in.

Nean. A Curse upon an old Cowardly Rogue, to let his fear betray us.

Priest. Come, 'tis not now a season to quarrel with one another, but to make peace with the Gods: I am come to prepare you for your deaths, and first *Neander* I begin with you.

Nean. 'Pray Sir begin with him, he needs it most! he has alwayes been the most perfidious, impious Wretch.

Ger. I need it most? I scorn to be prepar'd any more then your self, if you go to that, with that ugly, pocky Whore-masters face of your own.

Nean. Sir, it's no matter what he sayes; he has as much malice to good men, as Whores have to honest Women.

Priest. I must first begin with you my Lord.

Ger. Look there, he knows who has most need on't.

Nean. Peace Wisard, peace! do you say this to me?

Priest. Peace stupid Wretches, I command you: and confess, and repent of your most horrid Crimes.

Nean. Well Sir, I have done; and I do confess from the bottom of my heart — O you old dry, raw-bon'd, wretched, decrepit-Cuckold you, to bring me to this.

Priest. Heav'n! what impiety is this?

Ger. Ay Sir! you see his Devotion? O! Villainous wicked man.

Priest. Sir! hold your Tongue! my Lord, 'tis time now to be sensible of your sad condition.

Ger. Ay Sir! so it is, if you knew as much as I do of his wickedness, you'd say so.

Nean. Well Sir! I do confess, I'll torment the Rogue: [*Aside.* I have many Sins to repent of- --First---I have been naught wth that old fellow's Wife.

Priest.

The Royal Shepherdess.

Priest. The Gods forgive you.

Ger. What do I hear ? Hell and Furies !

Priest. Do you repent of it ?

Nean. Yes Sir ; it was a horrid Crime.

Ger. O Villain ! I'll be reveng'd of him ! it was a horrid Crime indeed ; 'twas Incest, for he is my Son, about five or six and twenty years ago his Mother and I were a little familiar.

Priest. O Impious men ! you are too near of kin in wickedness.

Nean. He like a Villain brought his Wife to me, and drew me in ; Oh wretched Pimp !

Priest. Hard-hearted Wretches, will nothing awake you ?

Enter Marshall.

Marsh. Sir, *Urania* is just ready to go to Execution, and you are expected to assist her.

Priest. Poor Lady ; I'll wait on her ! Gentlemen consider your turns are next. ————— *Ex. Priest and Marshall.*

Nean. } O ! what will become of me. [*They roar aloud.*

Ger. }

Nean. What will become of you you Rascal ; what will become of me, I am a Lord you old Dog.

Ger. A Villanous Wretch, what care I for a Lord : what will become of me !
(*Ex. Geron and Neander.*)

Enter Urania (in White, with Guards ; Musicians cloath'd in White, and other Attendants in a solemn Procession) led between two Gentlemen in Mourning : As they go this Song is sung, to a solemn Tune.

Lovers Lament, Lament this fatal day,
When Beauties sweetest Bud is snatch'd away :
Unhappy Nymph, that could so wretched prove,
To suffer so for such a Noble Love :
A Love which was her Glory, not Offence :
The Gods will sure reward such Innocence,

Within

The Royal Shepherdess.

71

*Within those ever springing Groves, where she
Shall from disasters in her Love be free ;
Whither her Lov'd Theander shall repair
In her eternal Joy to claim his share.*

*There appears a Scaffold cover'd with Black, and Urania led be-
tween two Gentlemen in black : The King looks to see the Execu-
tion [above.]*

*King. Poor Urania! did I not fear the Prince's coming,
I could not see so sad a Spectacle : but I'll retire a little.*

*2. Gent. lead up Ura. to the Scaffold, and she having wip'd
her Eyes, speaks to the people.*

*Uran. Did any thing but my own Innocence
Lie now at stake, I should not dare to speak,
Before so many Persons, (but though I
Must quite despair of Mercy in this World,
I hope I may find Charity, and that
The good will credit a poor dying Person,
Altho' she bring no Witness but her Vows :
All I am now condemn'd for is my birth,
Which seems indeed a Misery, but not
A Crime ; or if it were, I could not help it :
My Poverty must be reliev'd with Death.
But though I can
Find no forgiveness in the world, I am glad
I find it in my self: I freely can
Forgive who e're have injur'd me, and this
Is some ease to me, though perchance the living
Do little heed the pardons of the dead.*

Gent. Poor Lady, my heart mourns for her.

*Ura. I do not know I e're did harm to any,
Onely my Lord Endymion I did once
Delude to save my life, would Heav'n I had not ;
But he is merciful to others, though
He has met with little for himself,*

End.

The Royal Shepherdess.

Evad. If pitty poor *Urania* could do thee good,
Thou hast enough on't.

Uran. I do confels I'm marry'd to the Prince;
But he will witness for me 'twas th' effect
Of his own Choice: I never presum'd
To think it till he told me it should be so;
Since when how faithful I have been to him
Witness! Oh! Heaven! and all those Pow'rs that dare
Acquit whom Kings condemn; and tho' for this
I now must suffer death, I cannot wish
I had not don't, since 'twas the Prince's pleasure,
Whom to contradict, to me were worse then death.

Gent. Alas! Pity her, her Case is too severe.

Uran. And yet I feel
That death is bitter, 'tis an Enemy
Looks cruelly on those who have no friends:
'Tis hard to undergo the greatest Task alone;
But 'tis my Fate, and Heaven must be obey'd —
— 'Tis a long hazard that we run in death,
And a short warning rather does disturb
Then fit us for it; were't not for this,
I could be well content to close these Eyes
That have of late beheld so little pleasure.

Marsh. She draws Tears from my Eyes; I was not wont
To be so soft.

Uran. But I too long
Detain you with Complaints, whose business is
To see me die: Live happy brave *Theander*,
May all thy Sorrows die with thy *Urania*,
And all those Joyes live with thee which she took
In thy Contents. — May'st thou be happy in
A Princess, great as thy own Merits, bright
As thy own Eyes, and vertuous as
Are all thy Thoughts; and may she honour thee
As truly as thy poor *Urania* did.

Execu. Are you ready, Madam?

Uran. Who is this?

Gent. Madam, 'tis your Destiny.

Uran.

Par. Great King, dread Sovereign, hear.
Hear a distress'd Mother, hear for their sakes
That at your death must hear you.

King. What will you say?

Par. My Child is Innocent.

King. Do your Office Executioner.

Par. O stay, stay, Great King, *Urania* is
A Princess born, her Father was a King.

King. What say you?

Par. *Urania's* Father was a King,
Great, but Unfortunate, the King of *Thrace*.

King. It is impossible, the King of *Thrace*?
And what are you?

Par. Great King, I'm now your Subject,
My name *Parthenia*, and my habitation
A little Cottage: but I once was known
By the name of *Cleopatra*, and was wife
To *Pyrocles* the vertuous Prince of *Thrace*,
Of whom all that remains besides his Fame
Is this poor Child, for whom I beg your mercy,
Not to extinguish with one stroke all that
The strokes of Fate have left among the ruins
Of a late glorious Family.

King. Her Language!
Bespeaks her something else then her habit:
'Tis strange. — but how do you make this good
Which you affirm? — how came you to *Arcadia*?

Par. Will your Majesty be pleas'd to hear my story.
I shall be brief.

King. Speak on!
But if you speak not truth you shall partake
Your Daughters Fate.

Par. Let it be so!
I shall not now repeat the long misfortunes
Of my unhappy Prince by that dire War,
His Rebel Subjects rais'd against him through
His too great Goodness: These reports enough
Already have afflicted all good Ears,

And

The Royal Shepherdess.

75

And all good Hearts: I only now shall tell you
When he had acted out his Tragedy——

King. That we have all heard.

Par. Next they came

To his Relations; how they did betray
And Butcher diverse of them, all have heard,
And I have felt; I having then remaining
Of all my Children but two Daughters, whereof
One being 14 years of age, was before our ruine
Contracted to the Prince of *Macedon*, (and is since dead;)
The other, this poor Child (then but some few months old)
And knowing how soon Kingdoms
Grow weary of th' Unfortunate,
Resolv'd for safety to retire
To some small place, such as my narrow Fortune
Could make my own, and there to buy my peace
With my obscurity, hither then I came,
Invited by the peace of this bless'd Region,
And purchas'd the small Cottage where I live
And learn'd to change a Scepter for a Sheep-hook,
And thus I bred my Child.

King. But stay!

Is't probable in all that time you should not
Acquaint *Urania* with her birth.

Par. I never did,

Not willing to disturb those sweet contents
She took in being all she hop'd to be;
And all she understood, she felt no care;
And with more pleasure govern'd her small Flock,
Then her unhappy Father his great Kingdom.

King. *Pyrrhus*! She does not speak amiss, and has
Methinks the look and meen of a woman of Quality.

Par. But Heaven that oft
Affronts the highest probabilities,
And gratifies by wayes were never thought of;
In this low Ebb, when all my hopes were grown
More prostrate then my Fortune, does begin

To dawn upon me, and instruct me, those
 Are neerer it, who kneel in humble Cells,
 Then such as stand on Tiptoe on high Towers.
 For now *Theander* makes *Urania* more
 A Princess, then a Kingdom could, by courting
 Her as a Shepherdess, and shews the World,
 That more then Chance conduc'd to her Greatness.

King. Why did you not tell *Theander* the whole truth?

Par. Sir, he marry'd her at Court, and I knew not of it
 Till he we was gone to the War in *Thesaly*:

For witness of all this, I do invoke

Those Pow'rs, who never testifie untruths;

And here produce those small Remains of Greatness

Misfortune yet hath left me; See, Sir, here

That so fam'd Jewel which so many Kings

Of *Thrace* have worn, and with such veneration

Have still preserv'd on an old Prophecie, that

This should preserve the *Thracian* Family.

King. *Pyrhus*! 'tis all true! Go tell the Queen and Princess this:

(*Ex. Pyrr.*)

I need no Testimony but those words,
 All Queens might blush to hear from Cottagers,
 But is it possible so mean a place
 So long should hold great *Cleopatra*?

Par. Know, great Prince (and know it too
 From one who has experimented Greatness)
 When I had satisfy'd my self in my
 Endeavours of regaining my lost Rights,
 And saw 'em all unprosperous, (as if
 Heaven long enough had given one Family
 The priviledge to govern others)

I was as well content to be the first

Must learn to act with common people,

As he who first was call'd from them to rule.

King. Great Queen,

The Prophecie is now fulfill'd, That Jewel
 Will serve to satisfy the World as much

{ She shews several
 Rich Jewels.

Of all you say, as your own Words have me :
 And thus preserves the *Thracian* Family, ———— - *Embraces Urania*.
 Dear Daughter ! still be happy and forgive
 Our ignorance ; I cannot love thee better
 Then at that very time I did condemn thee,
 I could as well have sentenc'd my two Eyes ;
 And pardon me, dear Sister, if I first ———— *Salutes Cleopatra*.
 Ask'd pardon where I most did need it.
 Call the Queen, and tell *Cleantha Urania* is alive.

Par. Now, my dear Daughter thou art safe within my Armes.

Uran. Madam, it onely did belong to you

Who gave me life, thus to preserve it too. ———— *Trumpets within.*

King. What's this ?

Gent. The Prince is come.

King. What will *Theander* say to see his dear *Urania*.

Thus attir'd at his return ?

Uran. He'll say you'r mercifull.

Enter Queen, Cleantha and Pyrrhus.

King. Madam, see here great *Cleopatra*
 And call her Sister ; take *Cleantha* !
 Her thou hast wept for : *Pyrrhus* has told you all.

Enter Theander.

My Son ! never more welcome ! never
 Did more Joy spring from more Sorrow.

{ *The Prince fixes his*
Eyes on Urania.

Thean. Bless me dread Sir !

What Scene does entertain me ? Are your Joyes
 Express'd by Sacrifice ?

King. *Theander*, take,
 Take thy *Urania*, and wonder not
 At any thing but her.

Thean. My Triumphs are more dreadful than my Conquests.

Qu. My Son be happy
 In thy best Choice ; let not thy wonder make

Us longer languish.

Thean. Madam, I'll believe,
And hope in time to understand---dear Cozen---

Clean. Sir, when you first have done
Your Duty to the Queen of *Thrace*, your Mother,
Then to your *Urania*, I shall be thankful for
The honour you too early wou'd vouchsafe me.

*{ Goes to salute
Cleantha.*

Thean. I must obey what Heaven knows when
I shall understand.

*Salutes Cleopa,
To Urania.*

This is an earlier Tribute than I thought
To pay your Lips: (my dear *Urania*) But why
Do'st thou conspire to my Distraction? why
This Habit, and why these Tears?

King. Heav'n blefs you both!
And may your Loves increase still with your dayes:
May you be fresh as Spring, as Autumn fruitful,
And know no Winter of adversity;
And may the Gods that have done Wonders in your Loves
Do Wonders in the Effects of it.

Thean. Sure this is all a Vision! am I awake?

Enter Priest.

Priest. A day full of Wonders!

King. A day all Miracle!

How mercifull is Heaven; who would be bad
When Vertue's thus rewarded in distress?

Thean. Couzen your Pardon, *Salutes Cleantha.*
Happy is this meeting; *To all.*

I am oblig'd for all the Joy I see
Start out of Sorrow now at my Return.

Clean. Heav'n give you Joy of your *Urania*.

Thean. You have oblig'd me, Madam, that you have
Dealt so gently with your Servant.

Clean. She ne're had been Esteem'd so; had you thought
Me Worthy of your Council Sir, but now
I shall endeavour to repay her all

Those

The Royal Shepherdess.

79

Those services I have receiv'd from her,

Thean. She is still your servant Cozen.

Clean. aside. How can there be such Joy when brave
Endymion lives in unjust Banishment ;

Thean. I long to ease my wonder, and to know
The story of great *Cleopatra*, how
She has been so long obscur'd to all the World
But to her self.

King. Wee'll find a Scene for that,
Less like the Face of sorrow, ('tis enough
Urania is a Princess) and had Fortune
In ought but in her blindness been like Justice
Had worn the Crown of *Thrace*, onely my Daughter
My dear *Urania*, ask me on this place,
I so have injur'd thee, what I shall do
To expiate my Ignorance of thy Worth,
Ask what thou wilt I'll not deny it.

Uran. I want not a Request, had I but merit
And Confidence to ask it.

King. If you do not ask it, you chuse the perfect way
To disoblige me.

Uran. It is *Endymion's* Liberty; Pardon, Sir, the boldness
You'r pleas'd to give me, and the Gratitude
I hope I ne're shall lose.

King. You have my Word, do with it what you please,
I'll give you Order for't.

Thean. Your pardon Sir,
If your Commands already are obey'd,
Endymion is return'd, I met him e're
He was imbarqu'd, and having been inform'd,
From my *Urania* of all his Cares for her,
I stay'd him, hoping from your Goodness to
Obtain his Pardon, for the Love *Cleantha*
So truly bears him. I have no more to say
Against it than against my own I had
For my *Urania*, when I thought her less:
And since the Gods have made her Great for me

'Twill

'Twill be but gratitude in me to do
Some of their business for them, and reward
So brave a Virtue as *Endymion* owns,
And make him great for his *Cleantha* too.

Clean. Is *Endymion* return'd? O happy hour!

Thean. The War in *Thessaly* has found an happy end,
And there I've left

Those hands that made that Scepter stoop, who, now,
Want but a Scene to do new wonders in,
And this may prove rebellious *Thrace*, if you
Sir, think fit I wear that Crown *Urania* gives me;
In this Conquest, the brave *Endymion*
Shall be my second; what shall I not expect from
Such virtue and such valour when they meet?

King. I have of late receiv'd such mercies, that
I cannot think of any thing which looks
Like Cruelty. Therefore wonder not
All that you ask so soon is granted you,
Cleantha; Take then your *Endymion*; be
More blest in him than Greatness e'er could make you.

Qu. And now you'r doing works of mercy Sir,
I beg for the sake of this glorious day
Which is a day of mercy to us all,
That *Geron* and *Neander* may not die
But suffer Banishment for life.

King. What you propose has much of Piety;
I'll not deny't: and now I've one request
To you my honour'd Priest, your leave
That *Pyrhus* my best Confident may serve
The fair *Evadne*.

Priest. You oblige me Sir to make me see
My poor *Evadne* is so much your care,
It shall be mine; she still shall think that best
Your Majesty is pleas'd to chuse for her.

Enter Endymion.

Thean. *Endymion*! why so slowly to thy Joys? { *Kneels and kisses*
Reap here the fruits of Gratitude and Mercy. { *Cleantha's hand.*

Clean.

The Royal Shepherdess.

81

Clean. Welcome my Lord.

Qu. My Lord, your welcome from your Banishment.

King. You've onely by this Ladies leave to ask
For any thing you'd like.

Endym. I am happy in your Royal mercy Sir,
And hope in time to be so too in hers.

Madam, My happy Highness has the Charity
To pardon our poor servant, who was the
Unwilling occasion to much injury
To so Noble a Princess.

Clean. You need not fear
Your Sentence, *Cleantha* is your Judge.

King. Let it pass away, and satisfy our selves with what
We have so long travaill'd with, and let the World
Learn from this story, Those that are vertuous
Cannot be long in Clouds, Innocence conceal'd is the
Stoln pleasure of the Gods, which never ends
In shame as that of Men does oft times, but
Like the Sun breaks forth, when he has
Gratify'd another World, and to our Eyes appears
More Glorious through his late obscurity.

Priest. The Impious here a while may find some Rest,
But in the End the good are onely blest.

Ex. omnes.

F I N I S.

Epilogue.

AS a young Merchant who had scap'd of late
The wreck of all his Wealth, and his own Fate,
When that comes home which he had giu'n for lost,
Would fain preserve what had so dearly cost:
With other Men he ventures little shares
In other Bottoms, but not all his Wares;
Preserving still wherewith to put to Sea
Again, if what he has ventur'd Shipwrackt be.
So our Adventurer, who not long since past
Through these most dang'rous Seas with storms o'rcast,
And brought his little Vessel home at last:
Unwilling now to meet another shock,
Has in this Bottom ventur'd some small stock:
Which if you suffer to come safely home,
It may encourage him for time to come;
But if you sink this Vessel, yet he will
Keep on a little Trade a going still.
He says you cannot break him, if you do,
But (whatsoe're he says) I beg that you
To us will be good natur'd but this day,
And pardon all the errors in our Play.

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